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MAY, 1903.

PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE.

ST. PIERRE DOG-CARTS.

THE St. Pierre-Miquelon group of islands is all that remains of the once great North American colonies of France. In the group there are three large islands, St. Pierre, with an area of 6,420 acres, and Miquelon and Langlade — connected by a sand-bar— with 45,542 acres. At the southern extremity of the island of St. Pierre is the old city of St. Pierre, with a population of about 7,000. In the spring and early winter, at the beginning and ending of the cod-fishing season, the population is nearly twenty thousand, for the fishermen from France make it the base of their operations, and when they are ashore it is as lively a place as you will find between Boston and St. John's, Newfoundland.

Perhaps it is its isolation that makes St. Pierre so attractive to the occasional visitor. It differs from the usual tourist-ridden city. You can take in the town in a very short time, for it skirts along the water's edge for a little over a mile and runs up the hill for perhaps a quarter of a mile or less. You are at first impressed by the quaint architecture. It is a study in white and grays. The big warehouses and public buildings are a dull white, and the private houses, little two-story affairs with slanting roofs, a grayish tone. At the corners of the streets are the quaint wrought-iron lamp-brackets—now merely ornamental, for electric lights have taken their place. There are no trees—scarcely any

PICTURESQUE ST. PIERRE—TRANSPORT A BOEUFS.

vegetation—for St. Pierre is almost literally built upon a rock. Big dogs attached to tiny carts take the place of horses. There are no sidewalks, and although there is an excellent pension and numerous cafes, there is no hotel.

In the streets you see the fishermen—a constant delight to an artist—with their blue jerseys, Basque caps, and big boots. In March and April, when the sailing vessels and steamships come out from Fecamp, Canale, and St. Malo, with ten or fifteen thousand fishermen, the scene changes to one of bustling activity. For a few weeks all these fishermen are ashore preparing their tackle or loading their fishing-vessels with bait and ice. Then the gaily attired gendarmes are liable to have their hands full, and the merchant is busy in his office until far into the night.

For the fourth time in its history St. Pierre, the capital of the St. Pierre-Miquelon group of islands off the south coast of Newfoundland, was almost destroyed by fire in 1902.

Late on the night of November 1st the fire started, and before it could be checked the government buildings, including the Governor's house, the building occupied by the Ministry of Marine, the big Roman Catholic cathedral, the schools, the court-house, two or three of the larger cafes, many stores and private dwellings, were completely destroyed. Fortunately, no lives were lost this time. In the three other great fires, in 1865, in 1867, and in 1879, there were many fatalities.

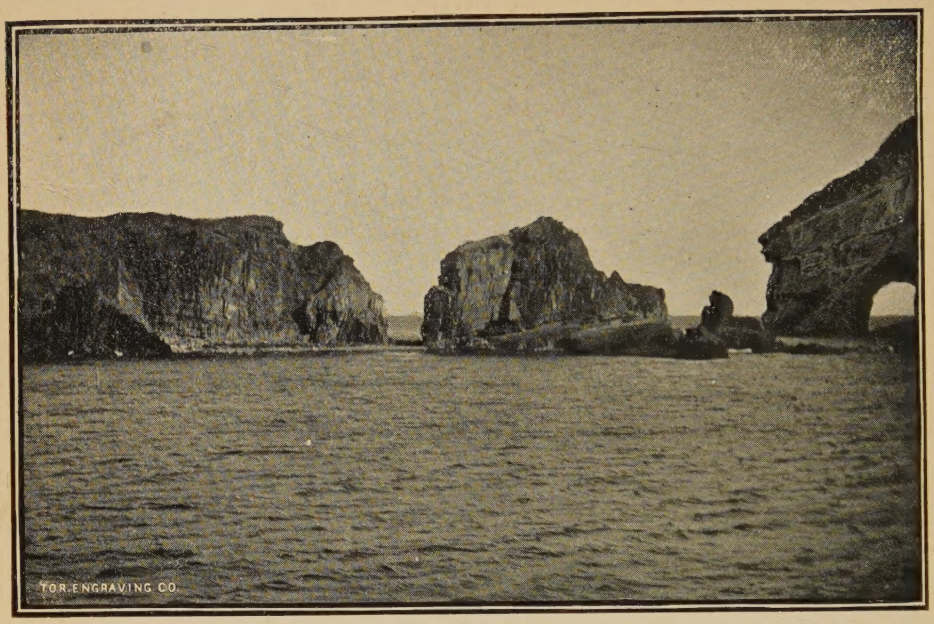
It was in the early morning of an August day that the present writer and his son arrived at the island St. Pierre in the steamer that sailed from Valentia to Port aux Basques. (The steamer, by the way, afterward foundered in the Pacific.) Through the haze we dis-

DRYING CODFISH, ST. PIERRE.

cerned the outlines of a couple of French ships of war, and the clouds hung low over the rocky island of Saint Peter the fisherman. The rising sun soon dispersed the fog and as a pretty picture met the eye as one would care to behold. It was like a bit of old France transported across the sea. Here was a tiny square like a *grand place* in Brittany or Artois, flanked on one side by the tiny Hotel de Ville, or town hall, on the other by the cathedral and *presbytere.* The white walls, mansard roofs, picturesque dormers, the presence of the tricolour and the French chatter in the tiny market-place, all emphasized the fact that we were on the sole remaining relic of the once mighty French domain extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, save a narrow stretch along the Atlantic coast. Official bulletins containing the latest intelligence from the Old World were placarded on the town hall. The dapper French naval officers, the swaggering Breton sailor, and Amazonian French fishwives looked as if they had stepped out of an old-world picture.

A vivacious Canadian writer, Mrs. E. G. Randall, thus describes a visit to the island before the last great fire:

Nestling on the hillside lies the little French town, and on the quay were crowds of French people, chattering gaily, full of interest and curiosity in the strangers from the outside world. As we stepped upon the wharf two striking figures met our gaze. The first was a gorgeous creature in uniform of red and blue, trimmed with gold lace, and with a sword dangling at his side; this we thought must be the "gendarme." The other was in sharp contrast, in his long black robe and broad-brimmed hat. We had evi-



LANGLADE, ONE OF THE THREE ISLANDS OF MIQUELON, AND ITS NATURAL ARCH.

dently been greeted by both Church and State.

Occasionally a Basque peasant marched solemnly along the quay in front of his ox-team and queer little Normandy cart. His garb of blue blouse and biretta, scarlet sash and gaily embroidered footwear lent a dash of colour to the scene.

We never weary of the quaint, narrow streets, where not even a sidewalk intervenes between the doorstep and the road. The little French windows, opening out like doors (our windows they call *guillotine* doors), are all ablaze with flowers of every hue; one almost forgets in looking on them that the island is for the most part a barren rock with scarcely a tree and only a few tiny vegetable gardens.

As we gain entrance into the houses we see how closely these people have clung to the traditions of their Normandy homes; here are the same "low-raftered interiors" beautifully white, and the same high canopied beds and down coverlets in green and red, and, as if to further emphasize the old-time French accent with which our surroundings speak to us, we hear, as we drowsily prepare for bed, the roll of a drum; nearer and nearer it comes, until it thunders beneath our window, passes and grows faint in the distance. It is the "Tambour" on his nightly round, giving us to understand that it is ten o'clock, and time for lights to be put out.

Walking down from the town on the old "Savoyard" road one sees quaint picture after picture. There are women washing at the brooks which run continually down the hillsides. They wear white headdresses and kneel in little box-like contrivances on the edge of the stream; each is armed with a wooden mallet with which she hammers the wet garments. When

the clothes are cleansed the white-capped women carry them up the hillside and spread them out to dry, as one of them naively explained, "that they might have a sweet odour." Here the sun and the dew and the sea-breeze complete the whitening process.

As we near the top of the hill about which the road winds we see coming towards us the dark, bent figures of "faggot gatherers"; had these women stepped from some canvas while we were exploring the art galleries, we could not have been more startled, so picturesque were they in their white caps and short, full skirts, and bearing the bundles of faggots on their backs.

On our return we met dogs, three abreast, drawing little carts which were loaded with barrels of flour, etc., and at once it became the ambition of our lives to be drawn by dogs.

Very soon after this an opportunity presented itself for the gratification of our wishes; we found the experience full of excitement and conducive to hilarity, as the dogs are very independent and full of moods, and will turn and rend each other, or suddenly flop down for a nap, as the spirit may happen to move them; the remedy for these notions, we learned by observation, is to flourish your whip fiercely, and shout "Allez! Allez!"

Not one dull moment did we pass on this little island. If the day was damp and misty we enveloped ourselves in mackintoshes and went a-shopping, or if the tide were low we went down on the beach and watched the bare-legged fishermen wading after crabs, or stood by and saw the codfish being washed by yellow-tarpaulined, long-booted figures. The codfish cleaned at sea are here thrown in deep crates, through which the sea-water flows back and forth; the fish are then stirred by the tarpaulined men with long poles until considered clean, then thrown on to the wharf with pitchforks and carted away to be piled in neat stacks.

On a bright day we return and see the cod spread out on the fields of round stones to dry, and watch them carefully turned by hands of laughing, chattering French peasants, who are happy now the sun is shining once more. Well might the sailors sing and the fisher-lads rejoice, for rarely indeed do such perfect days come to this northern coast; more often it is wrapped in mists, but even then it is beautiful. Especially would this place appeal to a marine artist.

The following day was sunny and calm, and we had the pleasure of seeing "Langlade," one of the three islands of Miquelon, with its beautiful natural arch in the rocks.

The 15th of August, the "fete of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," arose brilliant and cloudless. At 1 o'clock p.m. we made our way to the cathedral, a large building with tasteful decorations on the interior, and dedicated to St. Peter, the fisherman saint. Between the immense chandeliers is suspended a fishing craft, significant of the life led by those bronzed sons of the sea, who come always to the cathedral before starting out on their expeditions to receive the blessing of the priest and to pray for a safe voyage.

The cathedral was filling rapidly, and we made haste to secure chairs, for which we paid one sou each, and took our places with the congregation. Every type of the French race was represented, from the uncorseted peasant with short, full skirt and white cap, to the gay Parisian in elegant toilet. The altars were profusely decorated with flowers, the contributions of the people. After the service was

"CHANTING AS THEY SLOWLY WOUND THEIR WAY ALONG THE QUAY."

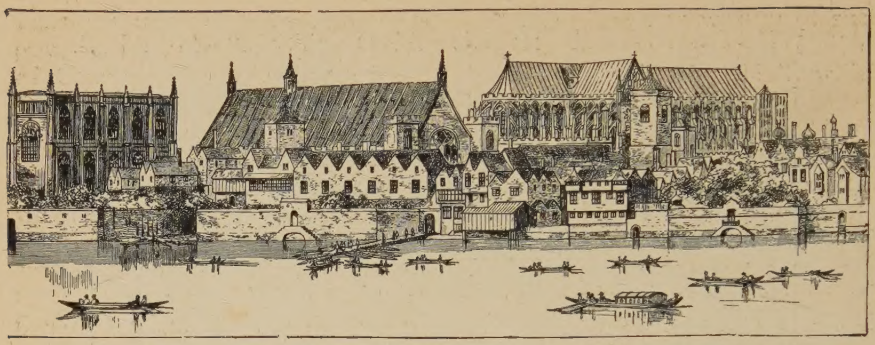
ended the procession went forth from the cathedral; first in order marched the beadle, mace in hand; after him a priest, bearing aloft a crucifix, and on each side of the priest the two little altar boys in their purple robes and white lace surplices, carrying tall candles; after these, walking two by two in two long columns, came the rest of the procession, beginning with the children from the schools, the boys kept in file by monks; after them the girls, beside whom walked the nuns, who looked very beautiful, habited in blue gowns, with black about the head and shoulders, a white band about the brow, and a silver cross gleaming on each breast; next came the young girls from the orphan asylum, whom we judged were from eight to sixteen years of age. They were clad in the uniform of the asylum, namely, grey alpaca dresses, and the hair drawn close to the head in nets; this sombre dress, however, was transformed for the occasion by the long white veils which enveloped each one from head to foot.

After these came the maidens arrayed in pure white, from their long tulle veils, fastened to their hair with white flowers, to their dainty white kid slippers; these were elected to carry the image of the Virgin Mary; two by two they walked in two long columns, and between these columns there was a group of eight young girls bearing the image, while four more held the golden ropes attached to the burden. After a few paces these were relieved by others from the ranks, and these in turn by others, until each of these white-robed ones had borne the weight upon her shoulders; next in order came the choir boys in the scarlet cassocks and white surplices, who, with the monks and officiating dignitaries, were chanting as they slowly wound their way along the quay and up through the narrow streets.

WESTMINSTER HALL AND ITS MEMORIES.

THE GREAT TIMBERED ROOF.

ALMOST dwarfed by the size and magnificence of the new Houses of Parliament, the ancient Westminster Hall, that cradle of British Constitutional liberty, with its noble oaken roof, one of the finest in the kingdom, is yet haunted with memories more stirring and tragic than almost any other structure in the realm. It was first built, says Augustus Hare, by William Rufus before 1100, was almost rebuilt by Richard II., who added the noble timbered roof which we now see. The Hall, which is 270 feet long and 74 feet broad, forms a glorious vestibule to the modern Houses of Parliament. Here Sir William Wallace was condemned to death in 1305, and Sir John Oldcastle, the Wycliffite, in 1418. Here, in 1517, three queens—Catherine of Arragon, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary of France—long upon their

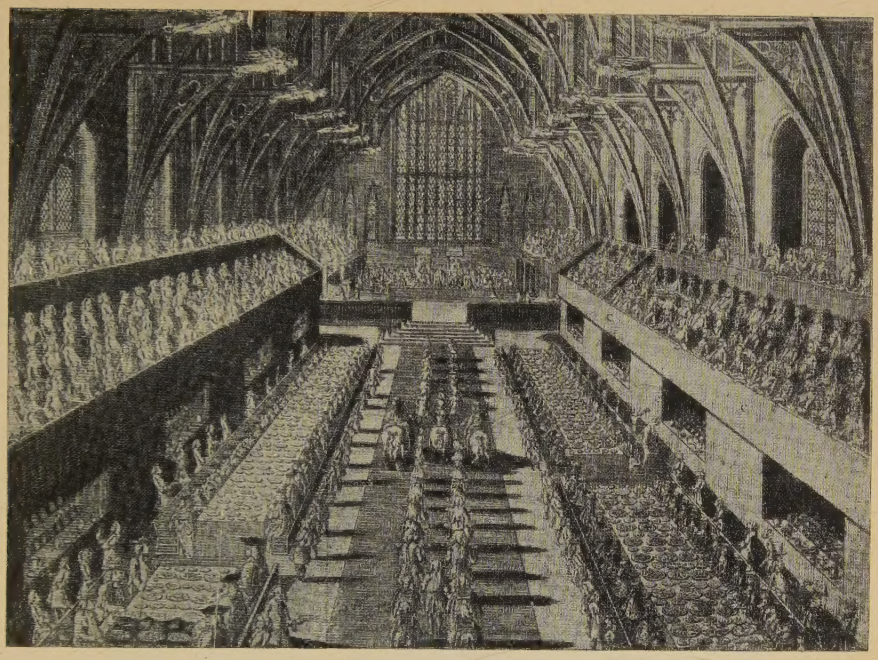


RIVER FRONT OF WESTMINSTER, 1647.

knees begged pardon of Henry VIII. for the 480 men and eleven women accused of being concerned in "the Rising of the Prentices," and obtained their forgiveness. Here, May 7, 1535, Sir Thomas More was condemned to death, when his son, breaking through the guards and flinging himself on his breast, implored to share his fate. Here Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (1535); the Protector Somerset (1552); Sir Thomas Wyatt (1554); Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (for the sake of Mary of Scotland, 1572); Philip, Earl of Arundel (1589); Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (1600); and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (1601), were condemned to the block, though the two last were never executed. Here sentence was passed upon the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in 1606, and on the Duke and Duchess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1616.

Here, concealed behind the tapestry of a dark cabinet (1641), Charles I. and Henrietta Maria were present through the eighteen days' trial of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. In the same place Charles himself appeared as a prisoner on January 20, 1649, with the banners taken at the battle of Naseby hanging over his head. During the reading of the charge the King sat entirely unmoved in his chair, looking sometimes to the

EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL AND SQUARE, 1647.



CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV.

Banquet in Westminster Hall, King's Champion performing the ceremony of the Challenge. In this Hall Charles I. was tried and condemned to death.

court and sometimes to the galleries. Occasionally he rose up and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, and then sat down again, but with a majestical composed countenance, unruffled by the slightest emotion, till the clerk came to the words Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, etc., at which the king laughed, as he sat, in the face of the court. A brass plate in the floor shows where the King received the sentence of death.

Westminster Hall was the scene of all the Coronation banquets from the time of William Rufus to that of George IV. On these occasions, ever since the reign of Richard II., the gates have been suddenly flung open, and, amid a blare of trumpets, the Royal Champion (always a Dymok or Dymoke of Scrivelsby) rides into the hall in full armour, and, hurling his mailed gauntlet upon the ground, defies to single combat any person who shall gainsay the rights of the sovereign. This ceremony having been thrice repeated as the champion advances up the hall, the sovereign pledges him in a silver cup, which he afterwards sends to him.

On ordinary days—

> "The great Hall of Westminster, the field
> Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,"

was, for many years, almost given up to the lawyers. Nothing in England astonished Peter the Great more than the number of lawyers he saw there. "Why," he said, "I have only two lawyers in all my dominions, and I mean to hang one of those when I get home."

In February, 1788, Warren

Hastings was impeached, for misgovernment in India, by the House of Commons at the bar of the House of Lords. The splendour of the spectacle, as depicted by the great master of historical narrative, familiar as it is to the reader, may well be repeated.

"Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations, living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman being accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the city of Benares and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great Hall of William Rufus; the Hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the Hall which had witnessed the just sentences of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the Hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with a just resentment; the Hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

WESTMINSTER HALL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

"Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of

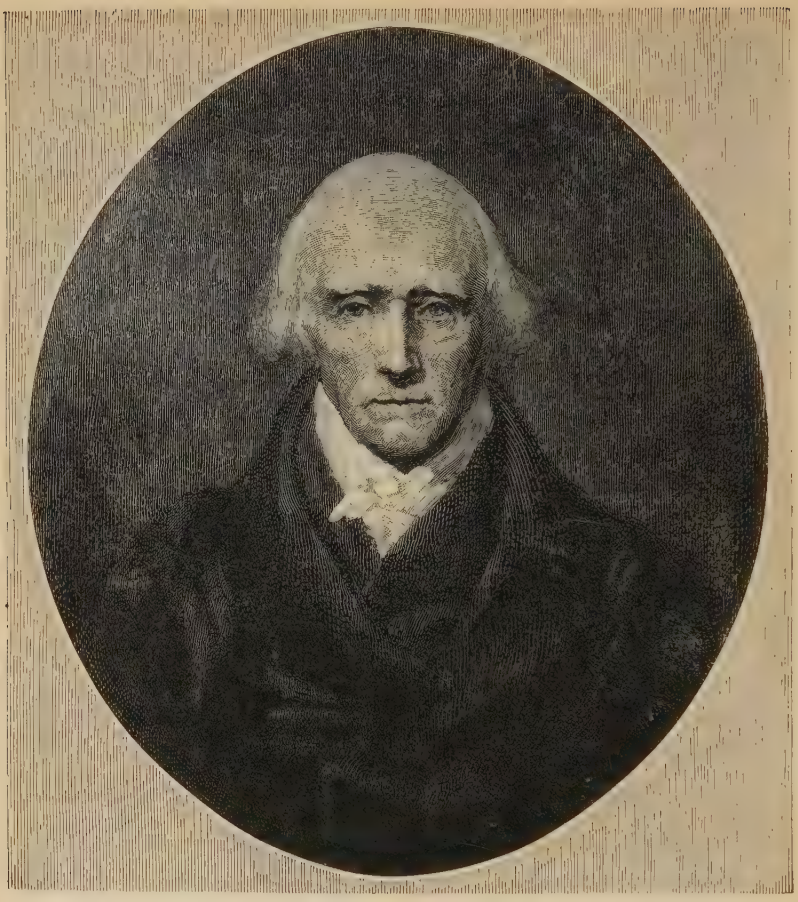
law. Near a hundred and twenty lords, three-fourths of the Upper House walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

"The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes, and in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man; a person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

"But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as his accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. . . . The box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan; . . . there was Burke; . . . there, with eyes reverently fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of his age, . . . the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. . . .

"On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech. . . . The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles were handed round, hysterical cries and sobs were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honours he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.'

"The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries



WARREN HASTINGS.

were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit, and learning, the representatives of every science and art. There were seated around the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greater scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of

so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons."*

The trial dragged on for seven long years. In its early stages attendance thereat was the fashionable function of high life. As much as fifty guineas were paid for a single admission ticket. The interest waned till the whole thing became an insufferable bore. Many who took part at its beginning had themselves gone to the Great Assizes before its close. "Of one hundred and sixty nobles who had walked in procession on its opening day, before its close sixty had been laid in their family vaults." Only twenty-nine peers voted. On most of the twenty-two charges made against the great governor of India he was unanimously absolved. Only six voted against him on any of them. "He was called to the bar, informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired." He was, however, a ruined man. The expenses of his defence were over fifty thousand pounds. He lived thirty-three years in retirement, and died in 1819 in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

"Only one cemetery," says Macaulay, "was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has for ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have been mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age—in peace, after so many troubles; in honour, after so much obloquy."

Far happier was his fate than that of Lord Clive, the merchant's clerk who founded an empire where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, who after winning dizzy heights of fame, had ingloriously perished by his own hand before he had completed his fifth decade. From early youth, says Macaulay, he had been subject to fits of that strange melancholy "which rejoiceth exceedingly and is glad when it can find the grave." Twice had he, when still a writer in Madras, attempted to take his life. The clouds which had long gathered round his mind closed in thick darkness. He gave Britain an empire, she gave him a title and an early grave.

The great Hall of William Rufus is to-day the noble vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, and as the members of the Government traverse its long extent between a double row of marble statesmen, the busts and statues of those who likewise once walked this way in flesh and blood, they pass over a bridge whose archways are the centuries which have spanned the history of their country. The Palace confers dignity upon the Hall, and the Hall confers antiquity upon the Palace.

To Americans and to Englishmen alike it is common ground. Within these walls and beneath this roof the foundation stones of the Constitution of the United States, as well as the foundation stones of the British Empire, were laid. It is as

*Abridged from Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings.

much the vestibule of the Capitol at Washington as of the Parliament Houses of Westminster, and the customs, the traditions, the very language, of the ancient courts which for ages held their sessions here, are familiar and effectual to-day in every tribunal which is known to the daughter nation across the sea.

Westminster Hall is old England. Kings may have founded it, but the people now reign in it. It is the area where the great events of the kingdom not only concentrated their force, but developed into picturesque scenes. Unlike the Abbey, it has no tombs; unlike the Tower, it has no dungeons; its memories, like spirits, are not visible in its interior to-day; and yet if they could all revive in the breadth of their association, if they could all speak from the depth of their occasion, neither Tower nor Abbey could exceed its power both to move and to impress the mind which stands within its gates.

THE KING OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed,
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried "He comes,"
And no man turned to greet him passing there,
With phantom heralds challenging renown,
And silent-throbbing drums,
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
The lion bore the dint of many a lance,
And up and down his mantle's azure field
Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
Before him went, with banner floating wide,
The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
But in the place of pride
His admirals in billowy lines abreast
Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face,
And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace
Such as no hand but Time hath ever drawn.
Surely he knew his glory had no part
In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed
With sunset in his heart.
So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee;
O King of men that die, though we must fail,
Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
O man that servest men by right of birth,
Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,
Thou, too, with us shalt one day lay thee down
In our dear native earth,
Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
For ever rides abroad through London town.

London, England.

VOLTAIRE AND JOHN WESLEY.*

BY THE LATE E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

EARLY in the year 1694 a boy was born into the family of an obscure notary in Paris. The philosophers tell us that a stone dropped into the sea sends a ripple round the whole world of waters, and that a whisper affects in some degree the whole body of the atmosphere. No man has ever followed these ripples to know where they stop; but many men have seen, not ripples merely, but great waves in the sea of human life, issuing from the point where this boy was dropped into it. The world of France, at the time totally ignorant that anything had happened, was soon to realize all the great meaning of his birth.

Men moved on in their habitual ways for nine years, when another boy was born, this time in the kingdom of Great Britain, at Epworth, in the rectory of a poor Lincolnshire clergyman.

The all-supporting, many-bearing earth has now two boys on her hands. Most mothers find enough to do with one at a time. This mother shall yet stand greatly astonished at the wonderful movements of these two boys of hers.

These boys heard the roar of Marlborough's artillery along the fields of Europe, as he was closing his great career. They were witnesses of the opening scenes of two of the greatest revolutions of history, the American and the French. They saw experimental science growing into commanding importance, as represented by Sir Isaac Newton, whose honoured head, like some snow-crowned peak, towered aloft during the first quarter of their time; and by Benjamin Franklin, who was filling two continents with his fame. David Hume had loaded the atmosphere of England with the mists of doubt. Rousseau was labouring to do the same in France. Dr. Samuel Johnson was blazing in the splendour of his great intellect. Really no great spirit needed to be lonely at that time.

After birth, next comes the name. Generally the babe takes the name it gets, and never thinks of asking why he was not consulted in the matter. But this French boy was not one of that kind. As a babe he was so poor, weak, and pitiful that he could not be carried to church to receive baptism. The sacred rite was therefore administered in private; but at the end of nine months, as he had refused to die, but had improved somewhat in strength and promise, he was publicly baptized in one of the grand churches of Paris. Let us look calmly at the fact—a double Christian baptism as the initiation to his remarkable career!

At this time he received the name, which stood as registered, Francois Marie Arouet, being the same as that of his plain father, with the addition of Marie. But this young gentleman soon showed that he was not proud of his

* In connection with the Wesley Bicentenary we have pleasure in printing a striking contrast by the late Dr. Stafford between the careers of John Wesley and François Voltaire, the two men who more largely than any others influenced the world for good or evil during the eighteenth century. Their lives ran almost parallel in time, but with wonderfully different results!

father's name. It had never been associated with anything very distinguished in thought or action; and he was determined that no effort of his should clothe it with any distinction, for, when about twenty years old, he dropped Arouet, and assumed the name Voltaire. His friends give various fanciful explanations for the change; he never assigned any reason but that he had not been happy under his old name, and he hoped to be more happy under the new one.

As to the naming of this other boy, it is sufficient to say that his life was to prove that "there was a man sent from God whose name was John."

Let us now turn to the study of the influences which determined the characters of these men, and led them forth each in his chosen path. The French boy was unfortunate in his guardian. A prominent abbe was an intimate friend of his mother. It was thought a very desirable thing to secure so eminent and good a man for the influential position of godfather. And so, certainly, it should have been; but it is a fact which throws much light upon those times, that many who occupied the most exalted positions in the Church were hopelessly depraved in principle, and immoral in life beyond what is easily credible. This particular abbe was a rank libertine, and a reckless unbeliever in the principles of the religion of which he was a prominent teacher. Into such hands at the baptismal font, young Arouet fell. At this time a new poem, most scandalous and irreligious, was growing into popularity in the depraved society of Paris. It bore the name of "Mosaide," and described the career of Moses as an impostor. The unscrupulous godfather put this production into the hands of this child, for the double purpose of teaching him to read and inspiring him with a contempt of Christianity!

At the same age the boy John was laboriously passing the portal of the great world of knowledge by spelling his way through the first chapter of the book of Genesis. Voltaire—Wesley. The Mosaide—Genesis. In those four words we have the germ of a large portion of the literary and religious history of Europe in the eighteenth century. Here is the first gate through which these two pass into their now fast diverging paths.

The unblushing abbe was very proud of his success with his precocious pupil. He boasted that little effect of the double baptism remained upon the boy, for though he was only three years old yet he knew the vile Mosaide by heart. It was the constant study of the guardian of the morals of this child to surround him with persons destitute of all sympathy with Christianity. They were not then hard to find in Paris. We, therefore, find him, at six years of age, in the midst of lewd and blaspheming men, encouraged by their applause of his incipient efforts to exercise his wit by insinuations the most base, and by open assaults the most bold, against Christianity. In relation to the Bible and religion the boy had no chance at all.

Place in contrast the young Wesley, within the Epworth rectory, a model of an almost perfect Christian home. The anointed touch of Susannah Wesley, in early life, was sufficient to determine a boy's direction though the might of an empire opposed. On one side a graceless abbe, on the other a sanctified mother, is it any wonder that, from the first beginnings of life, these two worked out the great problem before them on an entirely different

plan? At life's dawn they took the position they held until the end, thus early facing in different directions! What if their circumstances in infancy had been entirely reversed? Is it a thought to be entertained that, in that case, their work in life might have been interchanged? It is hard to admit such a thing even in thought. Yet, even Voltaire is not, as some seem to suppose, entirely undeserving of any Christian charity. Different influences during his early years might have made him a wholly different man.

We find in each case the tendency begotten in these early years confirmed by every subsequent step. Voltaire entered college. A thorough course of university study might have developed in him some steadfastness of purpose; but there was no hand to bend him to this, so he soon left his studies for something more congenial. Then we find him in a law school, which he very soon abandoned. At eighteen he is attached to the French Embassy in Holland. Here a foolish amour of youth brought him into disgrace, and he returned to Paris, to become the clerk of an advocate. From this position he was cast into the Bastile, unjustly it must be said, for the severe criticism of the reign of Louis XIV., with the writing of which he was charged, was actually the creation of another. At that time the reward which France gave to mental competency was imprisonment. This tribute was awarded to the brilliant youth of twenty years, because he was thought to be the only person capable of producing the witty and scathing criticism so offensive to the court.

A year of imprisonment would silence and discourage for ever any average youth of the age of Voltaire. We have seen children pushing corks into water in the effort to sink them. Voltaire was a cork. He sprang irrepressibly to the surface. He was, to change the figure, better prepared than ever to smite right and left with a blade that pierced as well as flashed. In prison he wrote the dramatic piece which gave him his first taste of literary fame. After this he found more eyes turned upon him than ever before. He had struck a spring which sent him higher than any other. He had never experienced any such gratification. The vanity and selfishness of his undisciplined nature had found their convenient food in the praise given to brilliant literary achievements. As far as he could be confirmed in any decision, his mind was now fixed upon a literary career.

A few years later he drew upon himself the ire of a distinguished statesman, and was rewarded with six months more in the Bastile. On his escape he fled to England, under sentence of banishment from France, and there remained three years. Here he noted the liberties enjoyed by the English people, and their participation in the affairs of government, in strong contrast with the state of things prevailing in France; and from this he drew inspiration in his assaults upon the government of the latter country. Here he met the English deists, Bolingbroke, Collins, Tyndal, and Wollaston. Here he learned enough of English to read Shakespeare, and to ridicule and steal from his writings. To the last fact may justly be attributed the highest excellence of his own dramatic productions. The intercourse with the English school of freethinkers is claimed by his friends to have led him into open fidelity. It is plain that we come nearer the truth when we say that his tendencies in the direction of unbelief, already strong, led him to seek out these

men as his most congenial companions. But the intercourse certainly confirmed every thing in him that was before base and unworthy.

Let us now follow Wesley through the same critical period of youth. Wesley bows to the same vigorous, religious discipline that met him almost at the gates of life, and bends the energies of his opening mind upon the prescribed course of study at Oxford. The foundation was laid for a broad and ripe scholarship; he had formed the habit of steadfast application to one purpose; and he was prepared to find in the Church of Christ the agency for the elevation of the human race, with which end his whole nature was in thorough sympathy.

There are those who constantly assume that infidelity, liberalism, freethought, have all the learning and culture; and that Christianity is ignorant, narrow, prejudiced. It is worth while, at this point, to note how far this view is sustained by the contrast now under study. As to Voltaire's scholarship, it is difficult to understand how one who in youth could never be kept long under the restraints of school discipline could apply himself to study with the devotion that achieves success. And it is a notorious fact that he did not. After three years in England he could not write intelligently a letter in the language of that land. And his writings, which yet exist, attest that he had no high claim to scholarship in the fields of history and philosophy. He was never, in any sense, an exact, profound, or greatly learned man.

But in contrast, Wesley's claim to scholarship has never been put in question. Few men better meet the standard which Lord Brougham set up, in saying that a truly learned man is one who knows something about everything, and everything about something. Here then we find the stability, and the learning, with the capacity of true research, on the side of Christianity; and the ignorance, and flippancy, and pretence, on the side of infidelity. There are, doubtless, exceptions on both sides; but we may rest assured that, as between Wesley and Voltaire so generally stands the question between Christianity and infidelity, as to learning and ignorance—deep culture and superficial display. The leading characters, as well as the followers, on both sides, to-day, furnish the same contrast.

Voltaire had not the steadiness of application, nor the knowledge which would have rendered him capable of a patient and thorough examination of the claims of Christianity to man's confidence. To ridicule what, at first glance, appeared weak in it was as much as his powers could do. And no more have his followers to-day those gifts of intellectual culture and the patient research to which Christianity reveals the unmistakable marks of its divine paternity; and if without these attainments, men are likewise destitute of heart, it is not easy to see how they can be anything but infidels. But Wesley, like Paul and Luther, could receive Christianity alike in the claims it addressed to the intellect and to the heart. The consequence was that his faith had been nourished at deep fountains, never known to the aspiring Frenchman. His soul had touched the Deity, and after that he was prepared to pursue his chosen path though a blaspheming world withstood him.

If we would rightly appreciate these men, Voltaire and Wesley, and their life-work, we must take into account as a controlling influence the condition of the two nations to which they belonged. During the reign of Louis XIV.,

under the masterly manipulation of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, the government of France had become a most perfectly organized machine, all-pervading in its touch, and reaching more intimately into the affairs of the individual and of private life than the world has ever seen elsewhere. The old, oppressive feudal relations, like iron chains, still bound the people. A man was not of nearly so much consequence as the lapdog of some lady of the court. It was the grand Louis who said, "*L'etat, c'est moi,*" "The State—it is I." And he had no more liberal thought than that every person, and thing, and right in the land should be subservient to his personal pleasure. If the people were worse than slaves, that was to his thought their providential destiny. The people, the toiling masses, had no influence whatever in the affairs of the nation; but they paid all the taxes.

When the premonitory thunders of the coming revolution began to be heard in the distance, when the only history of the period was continual deficits in the revenue, Turgot, the brave and trusted minister of finance, proposed to tax the nobility and clergy the same as other ranks, in order to raise a revenue. But a great tempest of indignation and astonishment arose, and when it had passed, Turgot no longer had control of the finances. Why, these grand people asked, what was the use of being noble if they must pay taxes like other men? Life would not be worth having. These classes wished, as had been the habit in the past, to be maintained in luxury and idleness by the toil, and sweat, and tears, and hunger, and blood, of the despised millions. He would be in sympathy with all tyrannies who could not sympathize with Voltaire's abhorrence of the French Government, and even with the polished shafts his wit hurled against it.

Then there was the Church, degraded and demoralized beyond what is credible to men who live to-day. It was bankrupt in religious principle and conviction; its chief guides were so vicious in life that no statement of their sins could be a slander; it was the nurse of the rankest superstitions; it ruled by judgments formed never in reason, but always in prejudice; it held over the minds of all men the darkening terrors of unspeakable torment, "burning ever, consuming never," for every act of disobedience to its authority. Within its pale, or without, individual thought was infidelity, and manly, independent action was a crime!

Of the religious ignorance of the day one instance will furnish a striking illustration. The Baron de Breteuil was the reader—the literary man—the learned member of the court of Louis XIV. At dinner one day a gay lady ventured a wager that he could not tell who was the author of the Lord's prayer. Now, as he did not go to dinners prepared to pass an examination, his answer was not ready; but pretty soon a lawyer sitting near him whispered in his ear, and then the learned Baron brought up the subject again, and said with becoming dignity that he supposed every one knew that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer!

Now, in another condition of things, would France have given to the world just the same Voltaire it did give? Did not the abuses of the age both merit and inspire the pitiless hailstorm of mockery and satire poured indiscriminately against Government, and Church, and society? Here, then, we must find one factor of great importance

in calculating the influences that made this Frenchman the man he was.

The very different state of things in the British nation was one element in determining Wesley's great career. Such a government as that of France would no doubt have tempted an assault from such a man as Wesley. But the long-continued conflict of the English people against the feudal impositions was just about at an end. The career of unparalleled prosperity upon which England entered during the twenty years' administration of Robert Walpole was by this time at its height. The population of the country had been growing with unprecedented rapidity under the stimulus of great material prosperity. A country village arose as if by magic into a town, and towns were swollen into great cities. Artisans from the loom, and forge, and mine, were peopling the lone valley and silent moor.

But the Established Church, not to be compared with that of France at the same time, was in no sense awake to its responsibilities to these crowding multitudes. The parish churches had been built for a far less numerous generation. They were wholly inadequate to the demands of the time. It never occurred to the pleasure-loving clergy that a work of Church extension would regenerate the kingdom. They read their stately services, and their diluted sermons, with a due regard to the proprieties of the sanctuary; but no enkindling passion ever thrilled the hearts of the living men who heard. Among these neglected people came Wesley with a heart throbbing with passionate feeling and sympathy; and with him, and after him, came plain men of the people, whose utterances were all aflame with intense feeling, and their sermons were as firebrands among the standing corn. And these newly arising conditions of life in the nation had as much to do with the far-reaching influence of his work, and its permanency, as the abuses in the French Church and State had to do with the gaining for Voltaire the ear of France.

But why, under these conditions of society, so much alike in the two nations, and yet in other respects so different, should Voltaire become the rampant infidel, and Wesley the devoted evangelist? The later was, in his way, as much at variance with the Established Church of England as the former with that of France. He saw selfishness, idleness, vice, and contempt of doctrine and morality in leading ecclesiastics as well as Voltaire. All around him, in England as in France, he saw the many neglected by the teachers of religion; without the encouragement in life and the comforting support in death which Christianity alone could give. The Church was but a means for the aggrandisement of the few. But his plan was to seek purification from within rather than to employ scourging from without. Whips never yet cured a fever, but internal remedies have often aided a patient. Voltaire used the whips, Wesley the internal remedies.

And yet more, if abuse should ever drive an man into extremes, Wesley had this reason beyond anything Voltaire ever knew. His name was always regarded as a mark for satire, contempt, falsehood, without foundation or qualification, from great magnates in Church and State, as well as from blaspheming ruffians, drivelling drunkards, and foul libertines. It has yet to appear that this black hailstorm of causeless calumny ever led him to swerve in the least degree from his appointed course.

The fact is, and explanation or apology can never alter it, that

Voltaire brought to his times a bad heart, and through it looked upon all that he criticised, and was influenced by it in some degree in all that he said and did. Hence circumstances similar to those that made Wesley a laborious evangelist made him a fierce-mouthed infidel.

It is not the design of this paper to trace in detail the events in the life of either of these men, the present plan being principally a study of influences. But the character of Voltaire's work cannot be properly estimated without considering the influence upon himself of his social relations. With women his intercourse was as depraved as even dissolute France would allow.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had a not uncommon weakness—he thought he could write poetry. Contemplating the benefits of mutual criticism, he cultivated Voltaire, and brought him to the palace at Berlin. But incessant praise was the only condition of friendship with this vain man, and this was more than a great king could consistently give to a subject, so they soon quarrelled. This polished light of the French world of literature stole some of the king's original poetry, for which he was arrested at Frankfort. He then applied himself to the writing up of Frederick's private life, and so clothed it with falsehood that Carlyle protests in bitterness against so great a wrong to his loved hero.

A good deal has been said and written about the style of Voltaire's infidelity. We are told he was not an atheist, because he once said that faith in the existence of God was so necessary that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one. Such a statement seems at first sight to indicate a very exacting theism indeed; but examined more closely, it really means nothing at all. A belief in God is necessary. But the demands of that necessity would be fully met by an invented god. But it is not necessary to invent such a god, because there is one already existing in the prejudices of the faithful. The language quoted to prove that he was not an atheist, looked at in its true significance, shows that he had no strong conviction at all of the existence of God.

Much has been made of the fact that he built a Christian church at Fernay, which he dedicated to God. This is certainly true. He purchased a house there. The old church interrupted his view, and was altogether unsightly. He tore it down, with consent of the civil authorities, and built a new one. That fact will not do much to establish for him a Christian character.

Nor yet will another—the fact that he was offered a cardinal's hat. Who offered it? Madame Pompadour, the accomplished courtesan who ruled Louis XV., and, therefore, the court and all France. But as she was not an ecclesiastical authority, a doubt may be stated as to her ability to secure this dignity for Voltaire upon his acceptance; but it is very likely from the way things were done at that time that she could. However, he declined the honour, undoubtedly not on the ground of consistency, but because of his deep-seated and ever-growing malignity towards the Church.

But the controlling feature of his infidelity was hatred of Christ. This was, no doubt, intensified by his contempt of the priesthood, who censured and opposed him. Him he cursed; them he stung in words of burning sarcasm. His assaults upon the Bible are wanting in the simplest elements of honesty and truthfulness. He read the Jewish law. A particularly vile crime is prohibited under severe penalties. He at once assumes and asserts that the Jews were in the habit of com-

mitting these abominations, though by reading the next line any one would discover that these warnings were to save the people from the vices of the surrounding heathen nations. Of course, Voltaire knew that such representations were false. But when a man has let go all other moral restraints, we cannot expect him to be very scrupulous about truth.

The closing scenes in these two lives furnish, if possible, a more striking contrast than is found in their lives. Voltaire, at eighty-four years, lying helpless, sending for priests, disclaiming the work of his whole life, and declaring his desire to die in the Church in which he was born; cursing and driving from him the friends who came to his side to prevent his having access to a priest, praying to the Christ whom he had cursed, and realizing that while he had gone through life crying, concerning Jesus Christ, "Crush the wretch," he was now himself the wretch that was being crushed, altogether made up a scene which led his physician to declare that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire" in his last hours.

John Wesley, at eighty-eight, lying down to die amid the friends whose love led them with him to the edge of the dark stream, using his last strength in the same efforts that had filled his whole life, singing the hymns that had solaced him in all his active years, and rejoicing in that Saviour whom he had ever trusted, contrasts with the former scene so forcibly as to compel, from even the most thoughtless, the reflection that, in the case of Voltaire, there must have been some tremendous mistake to result in the end in such bitter consequences!

When the audience has dispersed, and darkness is over all, frost gathering on the windows, and the door closed and locked, it is always appropriate to inquire after the results.

In 1836, John Quincy Adams published at Boston an edition of Voltaire's great philosophical work. In his preface he said:

"Even after the Bible shall be laid aside, for anything more than a book of antiquated curiosity, as being the fruits of ignorance, and filled with absurdities, contradictions, fable, and fiction, this work of Voltaire, being as it were a library in itself, will be read with interest, it being so fraught with useful instruction."

John Quincy Adams is dead! Voltaire is dead! The book so highly commended is to-day unknown by name to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the earth's inhabitants! Not one in ten thousand of all who live ever saw it! But in some way the Bible does find its way into the hands of almost every child! Its truths encourage men's hearts in life, and sustain them in death!

Voltaire would doubtless choose to be known to posterity through his literary labours. How his desire is realized appears from the language of a competent critic, who, writing of Voltaire, says: "Of his dramatic pieces scarcely one rises to the highest line of dramatic art; his comedies, like his epics, are no longer read; his histories are sprightly and entertaining, but not authentic; and his essays, both in prose and verse, with, perhaps, the single exception of his historical disquisitions, cease to instruct."

The above, from the writer of the article on Voltaire in the American Encyclopædia, is sufficient to indicate the measure of his influence, both at home and abroad, at the present day.

Certainly no determining influence upon the French literature of his own day can be traced to

Voltaire. In respect to literary achievement he was peculiarly fortunate in living when he did. The taste of Paris had been created by a long line of laborious masters in literature; for with all the evil that must be said of Louis XIV. and his reign, this much good must be accredited to him, that his court encouraged literature. All the great classic names in French literature won their first laurels under his patronage. In stately procession they march through his court—poets, philosophers, historians, and preachers, a brilliant array. Corneille, Moliere, Lafontaine, Racine, Boileau, Descartes, Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, all these had passed the portals of the palace, wearing the crown of approval from the vain king, and from the gay gentry and grand dames, the habitues of the court. The last of them had only disappeared when Voltaire came. He came to a field offering an easy conquest. The gates leading to literary glory were wide open. He had genius enough to enter and draw the popular gaze upon himself, and to hold it while he lived. But there are few of the names above mentioned who have not to-day greater influence in the world of letters than his.

As to the results of John Wesley's life, it is enough to say that thirty millions of people to-day acknowledge the influence of his work. Some of the noblest tributes ever paid to him have come from those who do not stand among his followers at all. Knight, Green, May, and Lecky, in their histories of England, give such testimonies to the abiding influence of his life and labours, as could not fail to satisfy the most ambitious of men. The present activity in all the Churches, both Established and Nonconformist, has been again and again attributed, by unprejudiced men, to direct influence of the Wesleyan revival. His work abides and grows like a stream steadily reinforced by mountain torrents!

Men tell us to-day that there is danger of a moral interregnum; that the Bible will for a time lose its influence over the human mind; that faith will become increasingly weak, and a dark night of unbelief will ensue; that even the motives that induce morality will lose their power. With reference to such fears it may be said, that in the eighteenth century infidelity began a race with Christianity under circumstances to an untold degree more favourable to itself than any that now exist. It had pretty well spread over a prepared soil. To-day neither is the soil ready, nor is its influence widely felt. It had as much a scientific basis then as now. The discoveries of Newton and Franklin were as much calculated to give it character and support as are the more modern scientific developments. Then the existing forms of Christianity were debased and low. Many of its most distinguished representatives were gross and selfish men. There was a certain excuse or apology for the assaults of the infidel. And yet in less than one hundred years a simple, earnest Christianity had so thoroughly aroused England that it swept farther back from infidelity than ever!

But to-day Christianity is pure. The Churches are active. Every avenue of practical benevolence is open. There is on every hand a tendency to consolidation and unity. If we may read at all from the past, we will find at this time abundant encouragement to our faith as long as the Church of Christ remains actively alive. The standpoint of Christian faith to-day is incalculably better than when Voltaire and John Wesley began their marked career.

THE ROMANCE OF EMPIRE.

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

SOME years ago a few Colorado beetles were washed upon the shores of Prince Edward Island, and immediately went up to possess the land. It is needless to say the country was soon filled with these representatives of a foreign soil. By blundering chance and persistent effort, through many defeats, they traversed the wastes of land and sea, reaching at last this remote region. Moreover, they came to stay.

There is, of course, a vast gulf between these pestiferous insects and God's noblest creature—man, and, yet, when we think of the history of human migrations, the blindness which has characterized them, the accidents which have furthered them, the persistence with which they have been pursued, and the completeness with which the earth has been occupied, we are reminded that they have much in common, and that, humanly speaking, both have, to a large extent, been the creatures of circumstances—the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. But here the comparison ends.

This restless migratory spirit has characterized the various races of men since Abram betook himself from Ur of the Chaldees, until the present time. From a tiny rill it has become a surging sea. This is a divinely implanted instinct, an essential law, though fraught with tragedy, yet working for the good of mankind at large. The conquest of Canaan, with its clashing interests and bitter strife, has been repeated a thousand times in the course of human history. In the working out of this law, according to the will of God, the false gives place to the true. On the foundations of past greatness is built the greater greatness of to-day, as ever upward the higher altitudes of human development move. This is as essential a law as gravitation and, perhaps, as inexorable.

"We build like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward,
Or like the ocean, wave on wave,
We're ever pressing onward.
Though beaten back in many a fray,
Yet, ever strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard halts to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow."

To the Anglo-Saxon race, perhaps, more than to any other of modern times, has been given this instinct of conquest, colonization and empire. And, in all humility, let us believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is using this marked racial characteristic for the working out of His purposes for the good of man.

The story of British colonization for over three hundred years is, to say the least, one of thrilling romance, and one which would require volumes to tell. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the name of Britain, raised the meteor flag of England on the bleak and rocky shores of Newfoundland in 1583, Britain started on the stormy sea of empire, on her maiden voyage. The three hundred and twenty-five years that have passed is not a very long period in the life of a people, but between these dates mighty achievements have been wrought. Within these periods the Imperial Mother has given birth to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, In-

dia, and many other daughter nations, all, except the United States, loyally adhering to the Imperial Crown. Around each of these vast and growing commonwealths there cluster many romances which invite our thought, but this article can only briefly deal with one or two.

The presence of picturesquely turbaned soldiers from the East at the recent coronation ceremonies at Westminster, the extensive additions to the Imperial domain in South Africa, together with the title of the Sovereign himself, all tend to guide our thoughts along that ancient sea-path of empire that leads to the Orient.

Though a sea-path, that road is largely a British highway, and no story of the East would be complete without a word concerning its discovery. It is gratifying to know, if England was not the first to discover that highway of empire, the man who did had English blood in his veins. That man was Prince Henry of Portugal, commonly spoken of as Henry the Navigator, his mother being Phillipa, daughter of John of Gaunt. In his day there was not only an absolute dearth of knowledge, but deep-seated superstition clung to the ocean in that direction. No one, so far, had dreamed of venturing beyond Cape Bojador, on the north-west coast of Africa; to do so was to court disaster. The angry gods of the sea were said to have their abode just beyond that awe-inspiring headland, and the stoutest hearts quailed at the thought of passing it.

To the task of gathering information for the dispelling of these deep-seated prejudices Henry devoted his life. After years of preparation he sent forth, in 1434, the expedition which was to demonstrate the groundlessness of these fears and to open the door to South Africa, and the country of the Great Mogul. This, however, was not accomplished in a single voyage; after the rounding of Cape Bojador the threshold only had been reached. The sea, it is true, was placid; there were no angry gods; but what lay beyond? To the answering of this question future efforts were devoted.

Still on and on these men, under the patronage of the noble Prince, pushed their way, bringing strange natives, and, finally, gold from the coast of Guinea. This gave a new, if more sordid motive, to these endeavours, and from henceforth many ships eagerly pushed beyond the dreaded barrier of former years. Finally, before the end of Henry's brilliant career, Cape Verde had been passed, and the Rio Grande reached. Others now carried on the work and the goal, for the time being, was the end of the continent, wherever that might be. Others had got as far as Walfish Bay, but to Bartholmew Diaz was reserved the honour of rounding the southernmost cape of Africa. This happened in the year 1486.

In that year, after having reached the Orange River, Diaz put out to sea, and steered south for thirteen days. When at the end of that time the cold was cruel, and the bitter frost caused the rigging to glisten with ice, he turned eastward, and then north, sighting land again at Algoa Bay, where the city of Port Elizabeth now stands. Diaz now returned with joy, and was greeted enthusiastically by his sovereign, the King of Portugal, and his fellow countrymen. Of the Cape he said, "We named it the 'Cape of Storms;'" but the King replied, "Nay, rather let it be called the 'Cape of Good Hope,' for now, indeed, have our ships a fair prospect of reaching India."

While these voyagers were find-

ing the path of empire on the West, others of their fellow-citizens were making journeys overland toward the East. They learned that as they had been reaching out to the Orient, so Moslem traders had been seeking the West. The slant-sailed ships of the East had long made regular voyages to Zanzibar and other African ports. It now only remained for some one to fill in the blank in order to bring the civilization of the East and West into intimate touch. This last link in this chain of discovery was not to remain long unforged, for in 1497 Vasco da Gama set sail, not for the Cape only, but for India itself. After storm and stress, treachery and hunger, Capo Bona Speranza was passed, and finally the points on the north-eastern coast of Africa, already in touch with eastern commerce. It now only remained for Da Gama to take his course across the Indian Ocean to complete his task. This last feat was soon accomplished, and for the first time European ships rode in the harbour of Calcutta. The door to India was open.

Now that this wonderful path had been discovered, many were willing to follow it. Various nations coveted the rich treasures of far Cathay. The Portuguese proved to be better navigators than traders, and were soon distanced by both France and Holland. England was, however, now coming into prominence as a sea power, and very soon between these three nations began the struggle for supremacy in the East, with what result the world already knows.

Sir James Lancaster was the first to seek the far East in England's name. Sailing from Plymouth on the 10th of April, 1591, he returned after an absence of over three years, having rounded Cape Cormorin, the southern extremity of India, and enduring much hardship. The spirit of the times can be judged from the records of these voyages. Then "might was right," and trade or piracy was alike honourable. After taking several rich prizes they waited at Ceylon for a certain fleet, "which ships were to come that way within fourteene dayes to bring commodities to serve the Caraks which commonly depart from Cochin for Portugal by the middest of Januarie." "Capture whom you can and surrender when you must" was the accepted motto of all.

Prior to this, however, England had had considerable trade with the East through the Levant, and by the grace of the Grand Turk. But now that English ships had ploughed these stormy seas, and English merchants had tasted at first hand the sweets of this trade, the all-sea route was henceforth to be the only feasible one for the Island Queen. Accordingly, in the year 1599, the great East India Company was formed by London merchants, their rights being secured by charter. The settled policy of the Portuguese was to "keep the coast of India from being traded with by other nations." It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Portuguese Ambassador objecting to the great honour shown the Company's representative by the Court of Acheen, Sumatra. The Portuguese Ambassador, however, got snubbed for his pains, while the Company's representative secured valuable presents and important concessions for trade. Though not in India proper, this may be regarded as the real beginning of England's Empire in the East.

Other voyages followed, and trade with the mainland became established, though for a time it was considerably hindered by the jealousies of the Portuguese. Britain's star, however, was in the

ascendant. In 1612 Captain Best with four ships engaged a Portuguese fleet, and coming off victorious, was in a position to make more advantageous terms than in the past were possible. England's position continued to improve, the chief difficulty now being the senseless opposition of rival companies. These, however, were amalgamated in 1708. By this time, and by this means, the English had many ports and privileges, not the least being the important island of Bombay, which was acquired by the marriage of Charles II. to the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, it being her marriage dower.

The French, however, had made progress and were now practically the only rivals of the English. Between Britain and Gaul, here as elsewhere, the struggle for supremacy seemed destined to come, and when at last, in 1744, hostilities broke out between these powers, it involved these great rival companies.

The interests of the French at this time were under able leaders, and for a time greatly flourished. Labourdonnais, in command of the fleet, was successful in capturing Madras, after a heavy bombardment and a gallant defence. Dupliex, the head of the French Company, though to some extent a rival of Labourdonnais, was also a shrewd though unscrupulous man. After succeeding in having his rival recalled, he made the English situation even more difficult. Taking advantage of native rivalries, he further strengthened his position by war or diplomacy, as occasion required, until he became vested with great authority, and surrounded by much pomp and wealth. We are told he was proclaimed governor of a territory larger than France, and ruled some thirty millions of people. But this glory was not to last; such meteoric splendour was to pass as quickly as it came, and the instrument and the day were both at hand.

The deepest darkness is said to be "just before the dawn," and so it proved with the interests of England in the East. Mohamet Ali, the friend and hope of the British, had been forced to flee to the city of Trichinopoly, and at the beginning of August, 1751, the place was besieged by a force ten times stronger than the defenders. The case was critical. On this siege depended the whole question of French and English supremacy in that part of the world. But just at a dark and apparently hopeless hour a human saviour appeared in the person of a young officer by the name of Robert Clive. His proposition was to draw the besiegers away from the desperate and apparently devoted town by making a sudden attack on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. To the council his plan seemed little short of madness, but the desperate character of the situation and the confidence of Clive inspired confidence, and he was allowed to put his scheme into execution. Marching the sixty-five miles to Arcot through a blinding storm with only five hundred soldiers, the garrison of eleven thousand were seized by a sudden panic at the exhibition of such audacity, and almost instantly abandoned the fort. Clive had nothing to do but to march in and take possession in the midst of wondering thousands. Arcot was taken, and not a shot had been fired.

Arcot now became the storm-centre to the relief of Trichinopoly. Great armies laid siege to the place, but Clive proved equal to the occasion. Storming parties were driven off with tremendous loss, and after fifty days of battle and defence the besiegers, terrified and discouraged, fled. Arcot and the British East India Company were

saved. Victory followed victory; the English regained their lost prestige and occupied new fields. A merchant's clerk had founded an empire where the foot of an Alexander had faltered.

These events led to the recall of Dupleix, his position being filled by Laly, who, by the French, was regarded as well-nigh invincible. However, after many efforts to retrieve their losses, the final struggle came in the spring of 1760, at Pondicherry, where the French, under Laly, had taken refuge. The place was immediately invested by the English, under Sir Eyre Coote, and after a long siege was surrendered to the British. "The next day our troops entered through the Villinore Gate, and the British flag was hoisted on the citadel amid a salute of a thousand pieces of cannon." That salute announced the passing away of French power in India, and the near doom, alas! of one of the bravest men who ever served under the banner of the Bourbons."

Laly returned to France, and after a mock trial before the Court of Parliament, was condemned to death. Stripped of his decorations, he smote his hands and said, "Is this the reward of forty years faithful service?" "Five days afterwards, in the dusk of early morning, he was dragged on a hurdle through the streets of Paris, with a gag between his teeth, and executed like a common criminal in the Place de Greve." A fate scarcely less tragic awaited Clive, the hero of Arcot.

These triumphs of the English were not attained without days of darkness and sorrow, the climax of which was the tragedy of the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. The history of the events leading up to this event need not here be given. It is sufficient to say that Surajah Dowlah, a youth of nineteen, who succeeded to the throne, did not entertain as high regard for the English as had his predecessor. Refusing all assurances of friendship, and discrediting all explanations, he appeared before Calcutta and at once proceeded to bombard the Company's fortifications. Inefficiency and disaster rendered resistance impossible, so, after a stout resistance, the fort was surrendered.

Surajah, though evidently incensed at the smallness of the booty found in the fort, promised honourable treatment to the surrendered occupants. At evening, however, they were all forced into the soldiers' prison, or "Black Hole." The incarceration of one hundred and forty-six persons for ten hours rendered it a burning furnace. "It was about eight o'clock when the door was shut upon the prisoners, and their sufferings began almost immediately. They had all the agonies of the suffocating without the ensuing relief of insensibility. . . . . Two thousand rupees were offered the gaolers if they would divide the company, but without avail. Thirst was added to the torments, and pitiable appeals were sent up for water. Frenzy seized upon them and they fought and struggled for places at the windows. The guards, hearing their cries, held lights at the bars and made sport of their agony. Gradually the tumult subsided. The cries died away in groans and sobs, and at last a fearful silence reigned. Next morning, when the door was opened, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their mothers would not have known, staggered out of prison, the only survivors of that terrible night." Clive answered that awful deed by the battle of Plassey, accomplishing in the north what he had already done in the south as the hero of Arcot. Now both

peace and war seemed to contribute to the influences which in time completed Britain's dominion in the Indian Peninsula.

Notwithstanding all that Clive had accomplished for the Company and for England, he was not saved from the reverses which often cloud great careers. The affairs of the Company becoming unsatisfactory, the methods of Clive were criticised and an investigation demanded. For this purpose a committee was appointed and the former hero was called to give an account of his stewardship. In some respects this is one of the most striking episodes of English history, and in connection with it we instinctively think of the names of Clive and Warren Hastings. His defence before the committee of the House of Commons was as heroic as his defence of Arcot, but it did not bring as much glory to his name. "He avowed the arts which he had employed to deceive Omichund, and resolutely said he was not ashamed of them, and that in the same circumstances he would again act in the same manner. He admitted that he had received immense sums from Meer Jaffier, but he denied in doing so he had violated any obligation of morality or honour. He laid claim, on the contrary, and not without reason, to the praise of eminent disinterestedness. He described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him: great princes dependent on his pleasure; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy brokers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone." Calling upon the Deity, he exclaimed, "Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." Notwithstanding his able defence, he was not wholly exonerated, and his popularity was gone. This sad reversal of his fortunes so preyed upon his mind that he ended his career by taking his own life while yet in his prime. Empire has always been costly in reputations.

For many years the affairs of England and the Chartered Company moved along with success and amid scenes of stirring interest. Vast territories had been annexed previous to 1857, and peace prevailed. But it was the "calm before the storm," and that storm was the Sepoy Rebellion. The story of these awful days is familiar to most persons, and is not a part of this article, including as it does, the account of the greased cartridges, the mysterious cakes, and the final uprising with all the horrors of Delhi, Cawnpore, Meerut, and Lucknow. Its history furnishes a tale the most tragic in England's Imperial annals.

The events in connection with this mutiny, together with the growing interests and responsibilities of England, led to the famous proclamation of 1858, by which the famous and historic Company was dissolved and its rights and responsibilities were vested in the Crown.

The closing paragraph of the proclamation read as follows: "When, by the blessing of Providence, internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India; to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people." Thus was ended a chapter in the romance of colonization and empire.

Now that nearly half a century has passed away, and the animosities of that time are forgotten, and Indian princes of to-day are eager to defend the Empire in foreign lands, there is a brighter hope for the prospects of South Africa. As Indian and Englishman have learned to live in peace together, so doubtless will Boer and Briton, in even a shorter space of time.

As the years have passed the old sea-path to empire has become a much travelled way.

" Oh, make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in a diviner mould,
Let the new cycles shame the old."

Bedeque, P.E.I.

A MOTHER-SONG.

(DEVON.)

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Time wuz I 'ad a nest o' little chillern ;
They chitter'd an' they chatter'd a' tha day ;
An' what with a' tha feedin' an' tha mendin'
'Twas li'l enough o' leisure come my way—
Sure 'nuff,
'Twas li'l but toil an' moilin' come my way.

At marnin' 'twuz tha washin' chubby vaces ;
At night 'twas teachin' little 'earts to pray
'Twuz fillin' 'ungry mouths wi' fitty vittles,
An' scoldin' 'em an' blessin' 'em a' day—
My word !
'Twuz frettin' with an' blessin' 'em a' day.

'Twas combin' 'em an' tidyin' an' brushin',
An' sendin' 'em to school-'ouse ivery morn ;
An' settin' up o' nights when they wuz sleepin',
A-patchin' and a-mendin' what was torn—
My fey !
Tha tiny tummilled clothes that 'ad been torn.

But now tha chillern's left me, an' I wants 'em ;
'Tes lonezome an' so quiet, dawntee zee ;
My man is settin' smokin' or a-noddin',
But 'e can't fill the chillern's place for me,—
No fey !
'E'll niver fill tha chillern's place for me.

They a' be gone away, grown men and women—
They'm gone into the town to make their bread ;
The awnly one that bides a cheel for iver
Be yon poar little maidie that be dead—
Aw fey !
Tha awnly one that's wi' me is tha dead.

SOME ASPECTS OF COURT LIFE.

IT was a graceful act of King Edward to arrange for the continued celebration of the birthday of our late beloved Queen. To the people of Canada, especially, it has become a permanent institution under the name of Empire Day. This must in time lose much of a personal element, but it strongly emphasizes that Imperial note which vibrates throughout the world-wide British possessions and dependencies. The King's own birthday, November 9th, comes at a season unsuitable for outdoor amusements, but that of the late beloved Queen was for over sixty years the most popular secular holiday of the year. It came when our spring was in its prime, when nature looked its loveliest. It was wise statesmanship to perpetuate this as one of the favourite outings of the people.

It is no mere vulgar curiosity, but a feeling of love and loyalty, which leads us to feel a deep interest in the members of the Royal Family. They, in a marked sense, belong to the nation. Their comings and goings, their habits and tastes, their public functions and private character are all of legitimate concern to all loyal subjects. We have pleasure, therefore, in presenting brief studies of some members of the Royal Family and noting other features of that court life from which we are so far removed.

What impresses one most on taking a survey of the royal families of Europe is the link which binds them together, and most of all the link which binds so many other royal households to our own. The influence of Queen Victoria on the world will never be quite fully known, but we may measure it to some extent by her relationship to royalties all over the world. There is hardly a royal house in Europe which is not in some way linked with the late good Queen; and if the woman behind the throne counts for anything in the world's affairs, the fact that so many royal princesses were related to the Queen is a fact full of promise for the future. The closer the bond between the world's rulers, the greater the guarantee of peace, and it is a happy thing that marriage and giving in marriage is gradually bringing the royal houses of the world into one great family. Who can exaggerate the influence of the women of this great family which is coming together?

PRINCE EDWARD OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Of Queen Victoria's daughters who still retain their title of

princess, the name of Princess Beatrice is most familiar to the public. From her childhood she has been the constant companion of the Queen, not even her marriage with a foreign prince was allowed to sever the bond which always existed between mother and daughter. The Princess lost her husband, who died in Africa in the service of his adopted country; and ever after the royal widows lived side by side in the solitude of the palace. Forty-six years have passed since

PRINCESS ALICE.

the Princess was born, on an April morning in 1857. She was "prettier than babies usually are," Prince Albert wrote to a friend; and he added that she was to be given the "historical, romantic, euphonious, and melodious names of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora." She was a favourite child. At fifteen she was the only unmarried English princess, and was rarely absent from home. She made her first public appearance in St. Paul's Cathedral, at the thanksgiving service on the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and from that time onward she accompanied Her Majesty on most occasions when she appeared in public. She was well in the twenties when she first saw Prince Henry of Battenberg, whom she met at the wedding of her niece at Hesse-Darmstadt; and on the New Year's Eve of 1884 the engagement was announced.

But not even a husband's love could come between the Queen and her favourite daughter, and Her Majesty consented to the marriage only on condition that the Prince became a naturalized British subject and made his home in England. There was no difficulty in that, and in due course the royal lovers were married in the little church, designed by Prince Albert, at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. The rooms which Her Majesty and Prince Albert had occupied at Windsor were set aside for the royal pair, who thus settled down to housekeeping without being separated from the Queen. The picture of the Princess remaining with her mother, faithful wife and daughter too, moved Tennyson to write:

"But thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd crown nor let
This later light of love have risen in vain."

And never after did Princess Beatrice leave "the widow'd crown." The tragic death of Prince Henry, who died of fever in Ashantee, when his wife was about to go out to nurse him, is well remembered still. Four children had been born to the Prince and Princess when Prince Henry died a soldier's death in Africa, and to these Princess Beatrice now devotes her life.

It was a kindly act of Lord Salisbury to appoint the Princess Governor of the Isle of Wight—a post

no woman has held for centuries, and the appointment gave great satisfaction in the island. Like her sister, Princess Christian, the widowed Princess takes great interest in charitable works of all kinds, and some years ago she established a ward in the Belgrave Hospital for Children out of the profits of a birthday book which she herself designed, arranged, and illustrated. On one side of the ward is a border composed of the leaves of the book. Princess Beatrice, too, has translated "The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach," a story of a knight of the seventeenth century, to whom Prince Henry of Battenberg was related. But her chief interests are domestic, and it is in doing nobly "the trivial round, the common task," that the Princess wins the affection of those who know her.

More public is the work of Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice's sister Helena. Princess Christian is the philanthropist of the royal household, and she has the business capacity which makes her help of the utmost value to whatever cause she interests herself in. She was born in Buckingham Palace a day after the Queen's birthday, and was the first of the Queen's daughters to make her married home in England. Princess Christian was fifteen when Prince Albert died, and after the marriage of Princess Alice, which followed rapidly on the death of her father, she became the chief companion of the Queen, being the eldest of the three sisters then at home. When the Queen opened Parliament for the first time after the death of Prince Consort, the engagement of Princess Helena to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein was announced. The Princess was nineteen, and in the following year she was married, the Queen giving her away. For two years the Prince and Princess lived at Frogmore House, and in 1868 went to Cumberland Lodge, in the heart of the great park at Windsor. Here the Princess has lived for over thirty years, and to-day there is not a more beloved woman in the royal borough.

Though no woman in humbler life could be more womanly in the home, and more devoted as a mother, the Princess has busied

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

herself in all kinds of good works in Windsor and London. At her Infant Nursery in Grove Road, Windsor, from a dozen to twenty babies are cared for daily while their mothers are at work, and the Princess takes an active personal interest in the institution. Years ago, when free dinners were given in the Town Hall twice a week, Princess Christian attended and served food for the hungry little ones. It was she who started the idea of trained nurses for the poor at Windsor. Many a poor sufferer

in Windsor has been comforted on her sick-bed by Her Royal Highness, who has so interested herself in the relief of suffering that chiefly through her efforts a permanent home has been established for nurses since 1892. So well has the scheme succeeded that the home has since been enlarged, and there are at present over twenty nurses in the institution, all at the disposal of the poor people of Windsor. Princess Victoria, the daughter of Princess Christian, is said to have remarked some time ago that "I

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

believe mother would like to live at the nurses' home," and those who are intimately connected with the home speak of the Princess as being simply unwearying in well-doing. The Princess arranged the whole of the decoration for the institution, and discussed such matters as papering and painting with the tradespeople.

For twenty years, too, she has been the life and soul of a local school of needlework, of which somebody has said, "She is the President and everything."

Princess Christian is probably the only royal woman who has been a parish visitor. She had at one time charge of twenty-one houses in Trinity parish, which she regularly visited; and she has assisted actively in the parish work by helping with penny readings, concerts, bazaars, etc. She is a patron of the local branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, and takes a personal interest in the Eton Boys' East End Mission.

Like Princess Beatrice, she has considerable literary talent. She has written a beautiful biography of her late sister Alice, but most of her literary work consists of translations of works concerning nursing. She has written papers on the same subject. The Princess reads a great deal in French and German as well as her own tongue.

Princess Louise, the third daughter of the Queen, was brought more directly in touch with public affairs than most of her sisters by her marriage with a politician and member of Parliament, and her position as Duchess of Argyll is likely to bring her more to the front than ever. Princess Louise is the one English princess who has made a reputation away from home. In Canada, where, as wife of the Governor-General, she lived for five years, the Princess made herself very popular, although her first year's residence in the Dominion was clouded by the sorrow of Princess Alice's death. The Princess was fond of rambling alone when in Canada, and on one occasion she found herself begging a glass of water from a cottager. The old lady was busy ironing, and while she went to the well the Princess took up the iron and finished the work.

There are many such stories told of Princess Louise, and one can understand the spirit of the boy on the Balmoral estate, who, when asked which member of the Royal

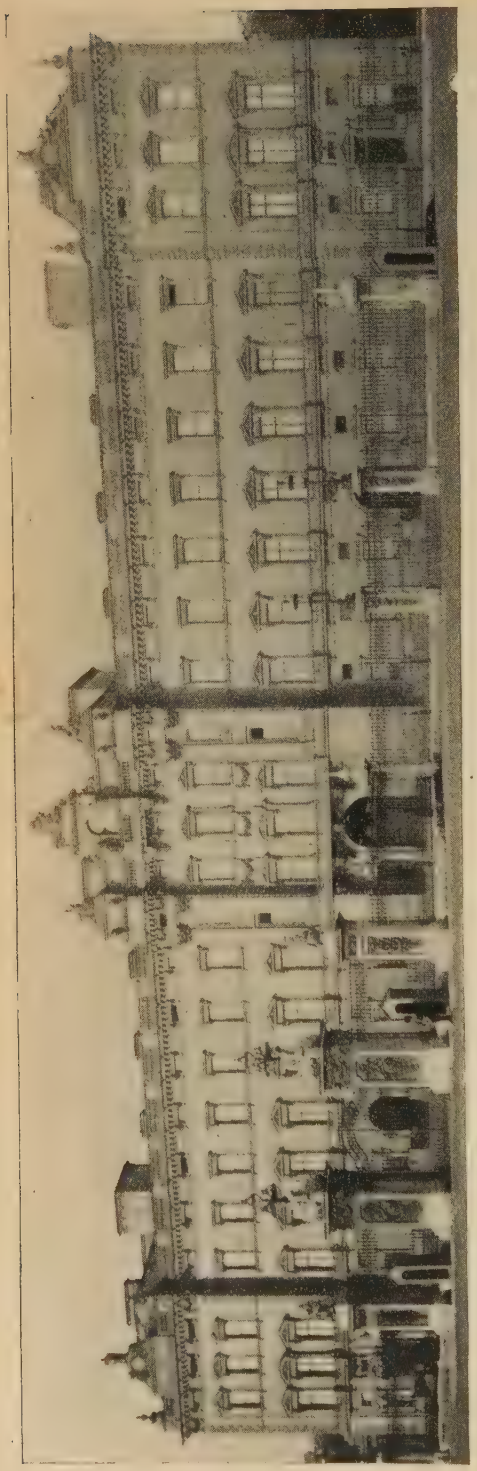
Family he liked best, said, "I think I like the Princess Louise best, because she's so jolly to talk to." The Princess, as is well known, is a talented artist, and her statue of Queen Victoria opposite Kensington Palace, facing the room in which she was born, is well known, and admittedly a work of genius. So also are her statues of the Queen at Montreal and Toronto. As a girl she was the sketching companion of her mother, and we come across frequent references to their sketching excursions in the Queen's diary. Her Majesty spoke of "those quiet breakfasts with dear Louise, who was amicable, attentive, and cheerful," and there are many little touches which reveal the affection of mother and daughter.

The Princess, though she married a marquis, is publicly known as Princess Louise, it being understood that this was insisted on at the time of her marriage. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne were friends in their childhood, and a strong affection grew up between the young Marquis and the Queen's daughter, who made the union the more simple by her emphatic declaration that she would never marry a foreign prince. Princess Louise is one of the most attractive of all our princesses; even Carlyle found her fascinating, for, after meeting her when she was about twenty-one, the Sage of Chelsea wrote of her to his sister: "Decidedly a very pretty young lady, and clever, too, as I found out in talking to her afterwards."

Of the Princess who for nearly forty years has been, next to Victoria herself, the most beloved woman in England, our beloved Queen Alexandra, nothing need be said in this brief personal survey. No woman could better fill the high place to which has been called. Her only unmarried daughter, Princess Victoria, has inherited the simple tastes of the Danish princess, and it is not long since, under an assumed name, she won two prizes at an exhibition of book-covers in the metropolis. Neither the judges nor the then Prince and Princess of Wales knew that "Miss Matthews," whose work was so much admired, was really the Princess Victoria. The Princess, who is an excellent designer, has deliberately turned her gifts into humble channels. A few years ago she fitted herself for the position of a trained nurse, and desired to enter a London hospital, but was persuaded by her parents to relinquish her purpose.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Princess Victoria's married sister, Princess Maud, may one day become Queen of Denmark, her mother's native country. Princess Maud, now Princess Charles of Denmark—having married the son of the Danish Crown Prince in 1896—is quite a democratic and "ordinary" person. Before her



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

marriage, which took place when she was twenty-seven, three years older than her husband, she was immensely popular in England, and she and her sister-in-law, Princess May, now Princess of Wales, were generally seen together. "What a blessing it must have been to have been born a princess in the days when they had nothing to open and shut," she is said to have exclaimed one day, after a long season of opening bazaars, attending exhibitions and visiting new hospitals.

"I sometimes get tired of being 'royal,'" she is said to have remarked, "especially when I am looked at and 'wondered' at, as though I were one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks. I often think how glorious it must be to be able to jump on the top of a 'bus, pay my fare like any ordinary person, and have 'a day out.' I have never tried to do so yet," the Princess added, "but I think I shall some day."

Our readers will be pleased to see a recent portrait of the lad who, if God spares his life, will be the future King of England. The Prince is a sturdy, manly little fellow, whose imperturbable good nature endears him to all with whom he comes in contact.

One of the show features of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle are the Royal Mews, as they are called, connected with these places. The stables are kept in a condition of absolute cleanliness, the attendants are courteous and obliging, the horses are most carefully groomed, and the state carriages are very stately indeed. The following is the graphic account by Mary Spencer Warren, who has written so much on court life, of the Royal Mews of London:

The Master of the Horse, and everybody and everything in his domains, play an important part in

ONE OF THE FAMOUS CREAM TEAM.

the imposing ceremonies of the Court. A visit to the Royal Mews is of much interest, and armed with the requisite permission I enter the gateway adjoining Buckingham Palace, and after a few words with the active and courteous superintendent, I am conducted round on a tour of inspection. Nearly everybody in London knows the entrance, but little can be seen from the exterior of what lies beyond the Doric archway surmounted with its clock tower.

The courtyard beyond this archway has a busy appearance. It is of large dimensions, and makes a first-rate exercise ground for pairs and teams. A brakesman is tooling round a fine chestnut team of His Majesty's, and the Crown Equerry, and a group of officials, are interested spectators. State coaches are being busily cleaned outside the various coach-houses, a drum is being vigorously beaten to accustom the horses to state processions.

Who has not heard of the famous cream-coloured horses, the like of which are never seen? Nine of these beautiful animals—which were originally introduced from Hanover—are kept here; needless to say these are only used on very great occasions—in fact, only for Coronations, the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in person, etc.

The breed of these horses is maintained in the royal stables at Hampton Court, and should accident or death arise in the team here, the Hampton Court supply is drawn upon. Emergency, however, is pretty well provided for by the presence of the ninth animal in these Mews. One of them is brought out for me to photograph, and certainly a more beautiful animal could not be seen. Its coat has the appearance of the most glossy cream satin; its silken mane is flowing and wavy, while its tail actually sweeps the ground. The tail of one of these Flemish beau-

STATE COACH BUILT FOR CORONATION OF GEORGE III. AT A COST OF NEARLY £7,000. LAST USED IN 1861.

ties had by some means become impaired, so a fine matched "switch" of horsehair was used to eke out its splendour.

If you should be near the Mews any summer morning about six o'clock, you may see the entire team driven out to the Park for exercise, by Mr. Miller, the state coachman; then they are, of course, minus their state trappings, which form no inconsiderable part of the show they make when fully harnessed. This consists of gold-coloured metal-work with red morocco. The entire outfit for each horse weighs over one hundredweight. It is the most costly set of harness in the Mews, and is rarely used—not even on drawing-room days.

Next in interest are the famous black Flemish horses, standing each of them about eighteen hands high. These are only used by the members of the Royal Family, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in teams; or on some very special occasions six of them will draw His Majesty. If at any time the King should be driving behind the team of cream horses, the coach of the next personage of importance would be horsed by six blacks.

The "state coaches' can be used either open or closed. Royal guests are accommodated with these; on such occasions they are harnessed with blacks, and postillions are mounted. The visit of the German Emperor and Empress to the City, for instance, was made in this way. These coaches are highly decorated with cords and tassels of crimson and gold, and a multiplicity of straps. The panels and hammer-cloth also are fully emblazoned with the Royal Arms in colours.

While I have been inspecting and photographing these, stablemen have been busy running out the old state coach and placing it in posi-

THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

tion. By the side of this the Lord Mayor's coach fades into insignificance. It is of the most wonderful and gorgeous construction, and was built at a cost of nearly seven thousand pounds for the coronation of George III. It never goes out now; were it to do so it would be sure to attract a huge crowd, so elaborate and highly ornamented is it in appearance. It was designed by Sir William Chambers, and has some magnificent paintings on it by Gpriani. To give you an idea of the extreme beauty of these paintings, I may tell you that ten thousand pounds has been offered for the panel of one doorway should the coach ever be broken up. It has only been seen in public twice during the late Queen's reign—at her Coronation, and again in 1861. The body of the coach itself is composed of eight palm trees, which, branching out at the top, support the roof. The victories of Great Britain in war are illustrated in trophies supported by lions. On the centre of the roof three figures represent the genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, who support in their hands the Sceptre, Sword of State, and Imperial Crown. The whole of the paintings are allegorical. The harness used in conjunction with this coach is made of red morocco leather, and decorated with blue ribbons, royal arms, and other richly gilt ornaments. I may say that its entire length—without horses—is twenty-four feet, with a height of fourteen feet; the total weight is upwards of four tons.

Of course, in addition to the special carriages, there are a large number used by the various members of the Royal Family. For instance, when the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, or any other of the Royal Family opens a bazaar, or attends any one of the many charitable institutions under their patronage, the horses and carriages are supplied from the Royal

Mews. Even for these ceremonies the formula is very careful and exact, the royal servants, generally speaking, driving over the ground to be traversed the day before, in order to form a correct estimate of the time taken, and allow of the punctual arrival for which the Royal Family are distinguished.

There are upwards of a hundred and twenty horses in these Mews; these are, of course, in addition to the animals kept at the other palaces.

The stables, of course, are not of modern construction; but they are capacious and splendidly ventilated, and it is hardly necessary to say that they are kept up to the pitch of cleanly perfection. The creams and blacks occupy one large stable to themselves, over each box appearing the name of the animal occupying it. One or two of them are remarkably clever in understanding what is said to them, and it was with supreme delight that the state coachman showed me some special tricks of one of the black Flemish horses. Many of these animals are named after British battles; thus you see Tel-el-Kebir, Kassassin, Chitral, etc.; these names are chosen by the Grand Equerry.

When the Royal Family are in town this stable is a favourite afternoon resort of the princes and princesses, who most of them take very great interest in these rare animals, and make a practice of feeding them with sugar and apples.

There are many other horses—special ones, well worthy of note amongst those reserved exclusively for riding. One is a favourite of the Duke of Connaught, and another was often used by the late Prince Henry of Battenberg; those, too, that are ridden by the Equerries in Ordinary are fine animals.

The riding-school of the Mews is situated on the same side of the quadrangle as the coach-houses. It is of large dimensions, with its floor, of course, thickly covered with tan. Here some young animals are being exercised; in fact, this is the chief purpose to which the place is put now, for actual riding lessons are few and far between. Nevertheless, most of the princes received their instruction here in former days, and it is said that her late Majesty has often watched from the window at the far end her children and grandchildren taking their riding lessons.

A very important personage is His Majesty's state coachman, also a very imposing one when in full dress. He is a perfect blaze of scarlet and gold, and I should not like to say how much the coat alone weighs. I felt the weight of it in my two hands, and wondered how Mr. Miller could bear it on his shoulders in a hot summer sun, as he often has to do when driving His Majesty on state occasions. It is no light office to have the control of six or eight horses and the charge of the Sovereign of Great Britain, especially when one takes into consideration the blare of trumpets, the playing of massed military bands, ringing of bells, waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and, above all, the shouts of the multitude—all of which attend a royal progress, and are tended to startle the best-behaved of animals. It wants a very cool head, and firm, steady hand for the performance of such duties.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King.
—*Tennyson.*

CHRISTENDOM ANNO DOMINI MDCCCCI.*

THIS is the most comprehensive survey of Christendom at the beginning of the twentieth century which we know. It presents the Christian conditions and activities of every country in the world as set forth by sixty competent contributors. These are for the most part men who are either natives of these lands, or missionaries of long experience, or persons who have made a special study of the countries and their conditions.

That on Canada is written by the late lamented Principal Grant, than whom no man was more competent for this task. He pays a generous tribute to our own Methodism. He declares that no Protestant church in Canada has so effective an organization. He anticipates an integration of the religious forces of the country in which each shall supply some special quality which shall enhance the value of the whole. All the Protestant Churches, he says, more or less live before the public. Their assemblies are reported by the press, their debates and diverse views are known of all. The Roman Catholic Church does not live in such a house of glass. The hierarchy meets, but no reporter is ever present, no discussions appear in the papers, the majorities pro and con are never revealed. For this reason an exaggerated view of the political power and unity and unchangeable policy of that Church is entertained.

The Anglican Church, he says, has been weakened as a religious force, by persistent efforts to establish it as a State Church and to separate it from sister Churches. The Churches as a whole, he says, are full of an energy which the youth and hopeful spirit of a new country has inspired. As religious forces they are strong and healthy because they are based on the genuine sentiments and religious convictions of the people. He pays a high tribute to the Canadian press, which may as a whole be called one of its religious forces of incalculable significance, on the possession of which Canada may be congratulated.

Many persons are under the impression that Roman Catholicism is increasing in the world. That is far from being the case. Father Lynch, a Roman Catholic priest, states that the Roman Catholic population of the United Kingdom is hardly two-thirds of what it was at the beginning of Victoria's reign. Then it was one-third of the population, now it is hardly one-sixth. Throughout the British Empire, he says, there has been a steady decrease. "Year by year they are diminishing, as if struck by some fatal disease, wherever the English flag flies. The spread of the Empire is no preparation for the growth of Catholicism." Catholicism, seated at Rome, he adds, can never again govern the world. The religious activity of British Christianity is so marked that "however true it may be elsewhere, certainly

* "Christendom Anno Domini MDCCCCI." Illustrated. Two Vols. A Presentation of Christian Conditions and Activities in Every Country of the World at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, by more than sixty competent Contributors. Edited by the Rev. William D. Grant, Ph.D. With Introductory Note by President Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-582, xiii-471. Price, $3.50 net, postpaid.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS, GERMANY.

no one in England can say, 'No man careth for my soul.'"

In France a great evil in the Roman Catholic Church is the employment of religious orders in manufacturing industries. "Not only," says M. E. Saint-Genix, "do these orders deal in ecclesiastical products, such as masses, indulgences, rosaries, scapulars, miraculous waters, and benedictions of the Pope, bishops, etc., but they manufacture in their workshops all that can be manufactured in the world. You can get your perishable body as well as your immortal soul taken in and done for by the members of modern religious organizations. As they are always acquiring and never alienating, the congregations must necessarily end in possessing the whole capital of the nation."

"In 1900 there are more than 180,000 monks and nuns. Their well-known wealth amounts to nearly ten thousand million francs, which make $2,000,000,000 in absolute value." Almost all French papers with a large circulation belong openly or secretly to the religious orders. "The more than 16,000 monastic establishments of France, with about 400,000 inmates, give one to every one hundred inhabitants. Every five persons possessing an income have to maintain a monk or a nun, with the proportionate share in keeping up a religious establishment." This is a tremendous burden upon the French people.

In Germany the Roman Catholics are one-third of the population. That Church is superbly officered and thoroughly organized, but a German writer asserts that the Church lies outside of society, it has separated itself from science, centralization crushes the sense of nationalities. It is to its intellectual liberty and freedom of inquiry that Protestantism owes its superiority. The Protestant Inner Mission is a superb organization. It has several hundred labour colonies, where every willing worker may find employment. The Prisoners' Aid is carried on by 420 societies, with 32,000 members, who aid annually about 11,000 prisoners. The Sunday-school was first introduced in 1863, by Mr. Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, N.Y. There is now scarcely a parish without its Bible School and its efficient corps of officers and teachers.

The great mission field of India is treated by Dr. Mudge, for many years a Methodist missionary in that country. There are in India forty-five Christian publishing houses, with an annual output of 118,000,000 pages. Of these the Methodist press is one of the most active and successful.

Italy is treated by Dr. Robinson, of Venice, a valued contributor to this Magazine. The best crop of Italy is the tourist crop. Four hundred thousand tourists visit the country each year, whose spendings are over $100,000,000. One-fourth of these are English-speaking, and their spendings are two-thirds of the whole. Under the papal regime "the outcome was that Italy was the worst governed country in Europe, and that its people were in the worst condition. The state of matters was so bad that life became unbearable; in the papal states the whole population rose repeatedly against it, even though it was only to court prison and death. If a boy in Romagna were asked if he had ever been in prison he would reply, 'I am not a man or I should have been.'

"After every uprising the whole country was dotted over with gibbets. Even Austria, herself wading ankle-deep in Italian blood, could not refrain from protesting. There was no personal liberty. A system of hateful espionage, like a vast net, entangled in its meshes almost

"O Purpose of the stumbling years,
O wistful Need and Hope,
Whereby in all the woven spheres
The atoms yearn and grope;
Flow through the wandering will of man
A tide of slow decree,
And merge our strivings in the plan
That draws the world to Thee."

—*Frederick Langbride.*

The volumes are enriched with fifty full-page portraits and engravings, one of which we present, that of the famous Luther monument, at Worms, in Germany. The central figure is that of Luther at the Diet of Worms, as he utters the immortal words, "Here I take my stand; I can do no other; God help me; Amen." It is, says Carlyle, the greatest moment in the modern history of men. Grouped around the central figure are statues of the great reformers. Seated at its base are, to the left Savonarola, to the right our English Wycliffe. Other figures are Peter Waldo, Zwingle, Calvin, Knox, and the German Protectors of the Reformation.

We print, by permission, another of the admirable half-tones of this volume, that of the latest and best of a long line of popes, to whose hierarchy Luther gave such a deadly blow. No matter how sturdy may be our Protestant principles, we cannot withhold the tribute of sympathy for the aged Pope who in his ninety-third year bears burdens and responsibilities almost too heavy for mortals to bear. He is regarded by two hundred and fifty millions of persons as the Pontifex Maximus, the Supreme Head of their Church. He has just completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election. In age and feebleness extreme he shows a keen interest in matters religious and political. He is as much superior, says The Independent, to Pius IX. as the latter was to Gregory, who preceded him.

Leo XIII. has been more in touch with the spirit of the times than any former pope. He has exhibited much sympathy with some of their social problems and has endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. "He has," says a writer in the New York Independent, "attempted some compromise with socialism and has lately recognized the work of Biblical criticism, and has appointed a commission of eminent scholars to study the subject, and has required them to take cognizance of the studies of Protestant scholars."

He has also to some degree removed the obstacle which from time immemorial prevented the study of the Word of God by the people in Roman Catholic countries. One of the most significant signs of the times is the issue from the Vatican press of the Italian translation of part of the New Testament, with the undoubted sanction of the Pope, of which 100,000 were printed as a first edition. The preface is remarkable. The writer refers in an altogether new spirit to Protestant work—a spirit of conciliation. After stating that the object is to make these gospels truly a book for the people, he says that it is necessary to distinguish this from a propaganda which for a long time "our separate Protestant brethren" were carrying out with great activity. Never before were Protestants called brethren.

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*Browning.*

OUR BACTERIAL FRIENDS.

BY THE REV. FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.SC., F.R.M.S.

THE name bacteria has become a household word, and children in our elementary schools are made acquainted with a realm of nature's working, the measureless extent and importance of which were entirely unknown to their parents. As might be expected, however, popular knowledge is at present in a very confused condition in regard to the real nature and function of these infinitesimal but influential forms of life.

Two common notions, in particular, call for clear statement, in order that they may be once and for ever disposed of; viz., that bacteria are very tiny representatives of the insect or animal world, and that they are all to be regarded as the deadly foes of humanity. Upon the former of these we need not dwell at any length. Suffice to say that the distinctive features which mark them out as related to plants rather than animals are definitely made out, and have been acknowledged since the labours of Cohn and De Bary some thirty years ago. The longer but proper name for them is Schizomycetes, a class of Fungi, distinguished, as usual, from Algæ by the non-possession of chlorophyll, or colouring matter. They really represent the lowest form of vegetable life, in a single cell which varies greatly in shape. Some forms are rounded specks, called *micrococci,* some are tiny straight rods, the *bacilli* proper, some are curved or spiral rods, known as *spirillae* or *vibriones.* All these are included under the general name "Bacteria," and all are distinguished by their marvellous minuteness, requiring for their investigation the highest powers of the best modern microscopes, with all recent accessories. When it is realized that many bacteria measure in their least diameter not more than one-twenty-five thousandth of an inch, the difficulties attaching to their study will be apprehended. Some of them have flagella or tails so minute that Dr. Dallinger, from two hundred measurements, estimated them as being not longer than one-two hundred thousandth of an inch.

No more wonderful chapter has been written in the whole record of science, than the history of the unwearied devotion with which these lowliest life-forms have been studied, during the last half-century, by such men as Ehrenberg, Cohn, De Bary, Koch, Klein, Dallinger, Pasteur, Kitasato, Lister, and many more. Nor have any scientific discoveries whatever yielded results more astonishing or fraught with greater import for the weal of the human family.

There is no exaggeration in saying that bacteria in general are everywhere and always present, around and within us; that they represent the most potent forces of nature with which we have to deal; and that practically our very lives, no less than the specialties of high civilization, depend upon their ceaseless working.

It is in these days becoming fairly well understood that our most deadly diseases are intimately associated, to say the least, with some forms of bacteria. We are assured, on indisputable evidence,

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It is in these days becoming fairly well understood that our most deadly diseases are intimately associated, to say the least, with some forms of bacteria. We are assured, on indisputable evidence,

that the particular bacillus of consumption, diphtheria, lock-jaw, anthrax, cholera, yellow-fever, hydrophobia, etc., has in each case been definitely isolated. And it is increasingly manifest to all—except perhaps a section of extreme anti-vivisectionists and anti-vaccinationists with whom it is useless to reason—that the future prevention and healing of the most malignant maladies lies along the line of bacteriological investigation, rather than that of increased employment of drugs. Some of the results already thus obtained are so real and beneficent, as to justify all the toils of those devoted workers who have spent themselves on this branch of biological science.

But it is not nearly so well understood as it ought to be, that this dark side, as it may be termed, of bacteriology, represents decidedly the lesser part of the function of bacteria on this globe. When we think of their ubiquitous presence and their absolutely incalculable numbers, together with those powers of multiplication which will enable a solitary bacterium, under ordinary circumstances, to become not less than 280,000,000,000 in forty-eight hours, it would indeed be an appalling suggestion that all these were our ruthless, disease-producing foes. Happily, as a matter of fact, nothing can be farther from the truth. It may safely be said not only that the greater number of bacteria are unassociated with disease, in man or animals, but that there are twice as many useful bacteria as there are harmful.

We will occupy the rest of our space here, in a brief sketch of the particular work and worth of some of these our tiniest, but at the same time most powerful, friends.

The immeasurable advantages accruing to us from the ceaseless activities of bacteria, may be classified under three main divisions; viz., putrefaction, nitrification, and fermentation. A fourth might well be specified, as already hinted, in the direction of the prevention and cure of disease. There is no more room for doubt as to the value of anti-toxin in diphtheria, for example, than there is concerning the usefulness of aconite or quinine in fever. If, through skilled investigation and patient experiment, bacteria can thus be made to provide their own antidote, such utility must certainly be reckoned to them for advantage. And no man can foresee at present the extent to which our direst diseases may hereafter be brought into subjection. But we must content ourselves now with specifying a few facts which are indisputable, concerning the three great natural functions just mentioned.

The first of these, putrefaction, does not on superficial acquaintance commend itself to us as a human advantage. The ill odours associated with it physically tend to bring it into equally repulsive mental repute. But this is eminently a case in which well informed judgment must and does correct mere sensation. The repulsive smells which accompany putrefaction serve a useful purpose in warning us away from matter unsuitable for food and dangerous to health; but at the same time they point to a natural process without which all life on earth would long ago have become impossible. Putrefaction really means that countless hordes of bacteria have seized upon organic matter which, through death, has become refuse, and are breaking it up into its constituent elements, so that it may both cease to be an element of danger to the living, and may be rendered fit for use again in other organic bodies to come. Take the simplest instance. The least in-

structed farmer knows that soil which has been drained of its fertility by continued crops must be renewed by manuring. Now, this is but a pointer to the world-wide fact that if all the soil on earth were not replenished by the work of the putrefactive bacteria, there would assuredly ensue such impoverishment as would mean starvation for all animal life. No bacteria, no fertilization of soil; no fertilization, no fresh food supply. So runs the order of nature, revealing the incalculable negative debt which we owe to our infinitesimal friends.

But there is a still larger positive indebtedness to be estimated. What is called nitrification of the soil represents one of the quietest but most potent and most necessary of all natural processes. Granted that all the debris of the past were resolved into the original elements, it would not follow that plant life, suitable for animal food, could thereby be nourished. The three main constituents of living plants, we know, are carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen. Of these the first comes from the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, through the wonderful work of chlorophyll. The oxygen is absorbed through the leaves and through the root from the interstices of the soil. But where is the absolutely necessary nitrogen to come from? Not—with an exception to be presently mentioned—from the surrounding air, however free and plentiful it be. It has to come from the soil, and the way in which this is brought to pass is one of the most interesting and remarkable stories of modern science.

All who are familiar with stables become aware that one of the most marked results of the putrefactive bacteria is ammonia. Every one also knows to-day that the chemical expression for ammonia is NH_3, that is to say, it consists largely of nitrogen. If stable manure, then, is applied to fields or gardens, it would seem as if the soil must at once be supplied with all the nitrogen that plant-life needs. But that is far from being the case. Plants can no more feed on ammonia than we can live on air. They can only take their nitrogen in the form of inorganic salts, called nitrates. The formula for these being HNO_3, or $NaNO_3$, etc., it is seen at once that what is wanted is some method of adding oxygen, or oxidizing the ammonia. How is this to be brought about? The answer—for which we are especially indebted to Pasteur, Frankland, and Warrington, who entered into the labours of Muntz and Schloessing ten years before—is, that for this most essential chemical operation we are dependent upon the joint work of two distinct kinds of bacteria. The first of these is known as "the nitrous organism," because it adds the first quota of oxygen in turning the ammonia into *nitrites* of the form $NaNO_2$. The bacterium which accomplishes this was first definitely isolated by Winogradsky and Frankland. When its part is accomplished, it can do no more, and stands aside to allow another equally definite and distinctly separate bacterium to come into play, and carry on the oxidation by turning the nitrites into *nitrates*. This latter bacterium, "the nitric organism," can do nothing to ammonia without the previous work of its partner. But their joint labours have, throughout untold ages, transformed the debris of the past into the food of the future.

This, however, is by no means the whole case. We hinted just now at an exception to the rule that plants cannot take their nitrogen from the atmosphere. Some classes of plants, it appears, more especially the Leguminosæ—repre-

sented by our pea and bean plants —can do so. In these, some time since, there was found to be a larger proportion of nitrogen than could possibly be explained by extraction from the soil. Whence, then, did it come? In reply to this query, Hellriegel and Wilfarth first pointed out two things; viz., that it came from the atmosphere, and that it was due to the presence on and around the rootlets of these plants, of vast numbers of bacteria. This led to the unfolding of another fairy tale of science which is sometimes expressed in one word, *symbiosis,* meaning the living together of two different forms of life for the sake of mutual advantage. It has many illustrations. In this case certain bacteria form a "combine" with certain plants, so as to fix nitrogen in the plant and in the surrounding soil. For the isolation of twenty varieties of these wonderful little organisms, we are indebted to Dr. Nobbe; and for confirmatory experiments, to Sir John Lawes and Sir Henry Gilbert. It has been shown, moreover, that these tiny mites are pronounced epicures. Each species will only attach itself to its own plant, and there do its own share on its own conditions. The vista of possibilities which such knowledge as this opens out, may be gauged from the fact that already pure cultures of these minute organisms are prepared for the use of farmers, both in the form of liquid and powder. A very small quantity is said to be sufficient for the inoculation of an acre of land. From the report of Lord Rosebery's "Dalmeny experiments" we hope to learn a great deal more.

But there is yet a third process which, for its importance, deserves much more attention than we can here bestow upon it, viz., that of fermentation. It is indeed far too interesting and comprehensive to be summarized in a few sentences. We will now only quote Professor Frankland's aphorism, "No fermentation without organisms; in every fermentation a particular organism," and point out how widely this applies. Not only are alcohol and acetic acid dependent for their manufacture upon micro-organisms, but the whole world of commerce, as well as of domestic life, is full of instances in which we are demonstrably served by bacteria, and cannot possibly accomplish our ends without them. Certainly there is much yet to be learnt, for we are only at the beginning of this chapter in nature's lessons. But the housewife who is angry with bacteria for souring her milk, should also for fairness' sake, bear in mind that to the work of a similar lowly organism she owes the ripening of the cream whence the butter is made, as also that further ripening of cheese which alone makes it eatable. To bacteria, moreover, are due those special flavours which make some cheeses of such commercial value. Dr. Wiegman, of Kiel, has, indeed, produced a special brand of bacteria which, with sterilized cream, makes butter that is not only delicious in flavour, but can be kept for some time. This, surely, should be, alike in England and on the Continent, the butter of the future.

The presence and influence of bacteria in milk is a large subject and full of interest. When once the lesson of cleanliness has been learnt, it may be truly said, without hesitation, that bacteria are the friends, not foes, of the dairyman. But they are equally the allies of civilization in what are termed the "maceration industries." For instance, in the manufacture of linen from flax; in the preparation of jute and hemp; in the clearing of sponges; in the preparation of

indigo; in the processes of tanning; as well as in tobacco-curing and many other industrial developments, the essential work is really done by bacteria, often with greatest effect when the manufacturer least thinks it.

Enough, however, has here been pointed out to justify the title of this article. Only further investigation is necessary for its enlargement and emphasis. So that besides the immediate interest of the subject, we may herein discern an indication of the best way to contemplate the mystery of disease and pain in all its forms; viz., to do justice also to the greater mystery of painlessness and health. No one will for a moment deny the tragedy of the bodily havoc which is so often wrought by malignant bacteria. Whether a human world without such organisms would be better, is quite beyond our powers of mind to say,—in spite of all the assertions of a Haeckel and a Buchner. But only a little reflection upon facts is required to convince an unbiased mind, that, as a bacterial world, taken in its entirety, unquestionably and incalculably is working together for good to our race, so, generally, the mystery of good is, in every realm of being known to us, greater than the mystery of ill. In the light of that certainty we may well be content to wait in patience, cheerfully bearing the discipline of present perplexity, however sometimes it may pain us, until the day for which the Christian revelation bids us hope —"When the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

EGO ET REX MEUS.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

In the cool of the morning God walked in the garden of Eden, and gazed on the work of His hand;
Regarded the flowers in their splendour, the dew in its freshness, the glory and peace of the land.
Unto man in His image created, the power to dress and to prune it was given:
As a priest, first ordained of his order, to raise on an altar of incense, his homage to heaven.
Long faded the flowers, sown of God, kept by man, that budded and bloomed in a Holy Land,
Long dead the sweet fragrance that flooded the valley, like attar exhaling from Angel's odoriferous hand.
God loveth a garden to-day, as of old; and in mine as the stars in their delicate languor expire,
There are sounds of invisible footsteps that wake in their coming each dreamy and dew-laden flower.
Limpid and soft as the waves of the sea is the heaven above us; jewel-emblazoned the sod;
Soothed is the pain of my heart, as I walk, unattended, like Enoch of old—with my God.

Bloomfield, Ont.

A BICENTENNIAL LESSON.

BY THE REV. W I. SHAW, D.D., LL D., D.C.L.,

Principal Emeritus, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

NOISE is unnecessary in this year, 1903, to demonstrate the mighty force of the great movement initiated under God by "a man sent from God whose name was John," born at Epworth, England, June 28, 1703. Even our enemies themselves being judges, this force is recognized as one of the most potent in modern Church history, and its benefits have been acknowledged not merely by our own Methodist historians, Smith, Stevens, and Tyerman, but by men of the world like Lecky, Greene, Leslie Stephen, Birrell, and Gladstone, and by ecclesiastics like Farrar, Stoughton, and Overton, nearly all of whom attribute to the Wesleyan Revival the rescue of England from the horrors of revolution. France refused the Reformation and got the Revolution. As Froude has said, "It rejected the light and was blasted with the lightning." England accepted the revival of Evangelical faith and walked into the nineteenth century in newness of life.

The triumphs of Methodism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cannot, however, meet its obligations in the twentieth. What a splendid, wise, and friendly admonition was that of President Roosevelt a few days ago in the great Methodist celebration in the vast Carnegie Hall in New York. "The greatness of the fathers becomes to the children a shameful thing, if they use it only as an excuse for inaction instead of as a spur to effort for noble aims." The aims we should set before us on this bicentennial occasion are numerous; for example, intensified and quickened spiritual life, enlarged missionary operations, charitable enterprises, of which we have so few in the way of hospitals, etc., closing our ranks in pushing the temperance reform.

These and similar aims are all of vital consequence, but a lesson which should be as much emphasized as any in this bicentennial celebration is that Methodism should not go further into this twentieth century without doing more for higher education. At the risk of wounding here our denominational pride, some things should be plainly said: In general intelligence, and in the absence of illiteracy, we are in advance of all other Churches, but in higher scholarship and literature we are behind. Let me propound a question and attempt to answer it. Why is Methodism so largely discounted, if not ostracised, in the matter of higher education and authorship? There is no use denying the fact herein implied. Ask ten representative scientists or litterateurs, Which are the leading universities in higher culture and scientific research in the United States? I venture boldly to say that their answers would omit all of the excellent Methodist universities whose strength and influence and valuable work are familiar to us. Why is it so few Methodists are found in the highest ranks of science and literature? Some Methodist names could be cited,

especially in Britain, of which we are justly proud, but whose relative importance we perhaps exaggerate. Why is it that the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia, in its fifth volume, dealing with living leaders of religious thought, gives only ninety-eight Methodist names out of one thousand four hundred and fifty-six? Even Congregationalism, so small numerically, forces the recognition of one hundred and fifty-two names. Why are these things so?

I briefly suggest four answers to this inquiry.

1. Our energies have been devoted to other objects confessedly more appropriate to Church life, but to a degree out of proportion to our educational responsibility.

2. There is an element here I mention with much reluctance, anti-Methodist prejudice, which affects not only narrow bigots, but men whom we treat as friends, who, by inherited prejudice, discount the actual importance of Methodism in higher education. This bias touches the student life of all the great universities; and young men, even of the best Methodist antecedents, morally and educationally, are weaned away by scores from the Church of their fathers. Such men ought to be strong enough to resist such influence, but all the same the terrible loss goes on. The loss of ten bright university men to Methodism and Evangelical faith more than balances the gain of fifty peasants, with all allowance for the moral and intellectual possibilities latent in the latter.

3. The itinerancy, though so effective in many ways, must be recognized here as unfavourable. There are hundreds of communities where the Methodist minister, perhaps stronger than his neighbours, is discounted in local educational activity and as a man of high culture, because he has no chance in his brief pastoral term of being fairly known and appreciated.

4. We may as well confess our faults and say that as a Church we come short of our duty in this matter. Princely gifts are sometimes bestowed, but they are few and small in comparison with the benefactions received by other Churches. We boast of being the largest Protestant Church in Christendom, except the Lutheran, but no one can claim that we have a proportionate amount of intelligent sympathy with higher education. Authorship receives its greatest inspiration from academic surroundings. Let us give our Methodist scholars and professors the same advantages in the matter of endowments and libraries and learned leisure as the colleges of other denominations afford—for example, the Church of England—and they will very soon make themselves felt as leaders of thought. The Methodist Church does not give its scholars a fair chance, but drives them out of seclusion and study into the daily burden of administration and mere routine work.

All of this impeachment will be resisted by some who can tolerate no reflection, however just, on the Church of their love. Others will admit the foregoing, but say, All right, as long as Methodism is active in promoting vital piety and morality, it may forego all else. Not so. If we must choose between a dead Church with culture and a living Church without culture, by all means we must choose the latter, but no such choice is thrust upon us. On the contrary, religion now, more than ever, is co-ordinated with intelligence and education. The Methodist Church cannot claim a monopoly of spiritual life. Other Churches manifest it to a large and growing and gratifying degree. It remains that that denomination will advance most

which best combines the two elements which Wesley prayed might ever be united, "knowledge and vital piety."

We have every encouragement as a Church to meet our responsibility in view of the inspiring example of Wesley himself and in view of what has already been accomplished. For though "Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not," much has, in fact, been accomplished educationally. For example, the two hundred and forty-eight Methodist colleges, including seventy-three universities, in the United States have very much to do in diffusing among the great American people the widespread intelligence by which they are distinguished. But our ideals and policy and benefactions must go far beyond this grade of work. The world has a right to demand of "the largest Protestant Church" something more than this in the way of higher scholarship and literature, so I close with a prediction that unless this demand is met, the Methodist Church of A.D. 2003 will be relatively smaller than that of 1903. The Church of the future is that which will be strongest in the combining of moral and intellectual force. This is a lesson we should not overlook amid the jubilations of this Bicentenary celebration.

ACROSS THE BOUNDARY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Well is it with the loved ones who have left us,
For they have crossed the boundary outlined
'Twixt loss and gain, pain and unmingled pleasure,
Base metal and the gold seven times refined.

They sought a better country—and have found it;
Cherished high hopes—and their fruition see;
Stored not on earth, but kept in heaven rich treasure
Which will their own to everlasting be.

Serene they passed through this world's tribulations;
Still gazing skyward though stars ceased to shine,
Yet pressing on, when faint, their human weakness
Leaning for aid upon the strength divine.

Worthy were they! O may we walk as worthy
Of our high calling! and like them attain,
To that blest bourn where is no pang of sorrow,
But joy unmixed doth in all hearts remain.

So shall we see again their smiling faces;
So their eyes meet our own in love's long gaze;
Their hands grasp ours in greeting,—while our voices
Ring out with theirs in heaven's glad hymn of praise.

Toronto.

JOHN WESLEY A DIVINE GIFT TO THE CHURCH.

BY S. P. ROBINS, LL.D., D.C.L.,
Principal of McGill Normal School, Montreal.

THE Church of the living God, divinely instituted, is divinely maintained. In her now, as of old, God is revealed, a mighty Will working a perpetual miracle in its enduring efficiency. We ought more boldly to affirm the supernatural shown in the visible organization which is God's witness, God's herald, and God's channel of communicated grace, and which, a wonder through the ages, is upheld against assaults without and defections within.

In the eighteenth century the Church of England had for the most part sunk into a dull, powerless, and discredited formalism. Sporting parsons, drunken parsons, desecrated the Sabbath and Sabbath services. Men like Swift, like Sterne, held ecclesiastical preferment. Where decorum still prevailed, sermons were often vapid essays on the propriety and convenience of virtue. Like priest, like people. With some Sunday was an orgy of drink. Many a village green was loud through the Lord's day afternoon with the clamour of boxing, of wrestling, of singlestick and of other riotous sports. True, many feared God. The flame of family devotion shone upon many hearths. Almost swallowed in darkness, the light of the Gospel gleamed from some pulpits. But, speaking generally, irreligion, profanity, lewdness and intemperance held high revel, in all ranks of society, through the three kingdoms.

Yet God did not forsake his Church. He called John Wesley from the Epworth parsonage, sent him to Oxford, gave him time for reflection in long voyages across the Atlantic and on a Georgia plantation, taught him by the example of a few Moravian exiles, and "strangely warmed his heart" at a Moravian meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, in 1738. Thus prepared God drove Wesley from the seclusion of his Oxford fellowship to go forth, a homeless wanderer, proclaiming not only the Gospel as Luther saw it, the Gospel of forgiveness, but the Gospel as it was given himself to see it, the Gospel of victory over sin in the heart and in the life.

To rustics from his father's tomb at Epworth, to Cornish miners in Gwennap Pit, to grimy collier lads and lasses in the Black Country, far and wide in the British Isles, he held the light of eternal hope above the turbulent sea of distressed and ignorant humanity. During the fifty-two years of his strenuous ministry he saw the conversion of thousands, and stimulated to effort, unselfish as his own, hundreds of fellow-labourers.

It is impossible to account for the wonderful effect of John Wesley's unimpassioned, clear, and argumentative sermons except by the hypothesis of divine influence. It is not too much to say that he changed the face of England. When summoned to his reward in extreme age, he left behind him a well organized religious community, pervaded with his spirit, that has grown to be one of the most powerful spiritual forces on earth. As God gave Luther to deliver Germany from papal domination, so God gave the learned and consecrated John Wesley to be an apostle to the English-speaking people of Europe and America.

JOHN WESLEY AND EDUCATION.*

BY ELLA GARDINER.

MANY years' residence at Oxford, first as student at Christ Church, and afterwards as Fellow and lecturer in Greek at Lincoln College, had familiarized John Wesley with all the advantages of that noble university, but, at the same time, had shown him its defects. He recognized the necessity of moral as well as intellectual training, and desired that boys should have principles of manliness and industry instilled in them, while they were being trained in classics and logic.

At Kingswood, two miles from Bristol, a school had been built for the children of the colliers. Here Wesley desired to found an institution for the sons of Methodist people, where they might receive the best education and at the same time have a religious training.

While mentioning to a lady his intention of establishing such a school, she at once donated five hundred pounds and urged him to carry out his plans. Later, she gave him three hundred pounds for the same purpose. The school was opened in June, 1748, a square, factory-like structure, without grace or beauty, and here Wesley's educational theories were put into practice.

He believed that boys should be secluded during their school life, lest the attractions of a city or town should divert them from serious studies. His rules regarding admission were very strict; none above twelve were to be received, those having already acquired bad habits might be excluded. The moral character of the parents must be above reproach. Parents must agree that they would not withdraw their children or take them home for recreation until their education was completed. The school was taught every day in the year except Sunday. The hour for rising was to be four o'clock, and the time-table for each day was to be rigidly enforced. The pupils were not to have play hours, but were to take their recreation by working in the garden or in the fields under the direction of a teacher, for Wesley believed in the truth of the old German proverb: "He that plays when he is a child will play when he is a man." The diet was simple and regular.

The school was divided into eight grades, and the studies for each grade was carefully defined that all should proceed from the simple to the complex. The subjects taught were reading, writing, arithmetic, English, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, history, geography, chronology, rhetoric, logic, ethics, geometry, algebra, natural philosophy, and metaphysics—a pretty stiff programme of study. John Wesley himself prepared grammars and other text-books when he could not find satisfactory ones. A more advanced course was provided for

* Few aspects of Methodism are more remarkable than its large expenditure of thought and money upon education. Of this the many hundreds of schools, academies, seminaries, colleges, and universities which it has established throughout the world are evidence. This gives peculiar significance to the planting of the germ from which these manifold institutions have grown. This account prepared by Miss Gardiner, of Albert College, Belleville, of the Kingswood School, established by John Wesley, will be read with much interest in in connection with this Bicentenary celebration.—Ed.

those who desired academical learning. Of this school, Wesley said: "Whoever goes through this course will be a better scholar than nine in ten of the graduates at Oxford and Cambridge."

Time was assigned for prayer and meditation, and the Christian influence of the school was its strongest feature. In 1768 a remarkable religious awakening occurred among the pupils at Kingswood School. One of the masters wrote to Mr. Wesley: "We have no need to exhort them to prayer, for the spirit of prayer runs through the whole school." Another wrote: "The power of God continues to work with almost irresistible force, and there is good reason to hope it will not be withdrawn till every soul is converted to God."

To enforce the rules of the school, the masters were required to be vigilant and indefatigable, and sometimes the work became irksome and seemed unduly severe and impracticable. Wesley spoke repeatedly of his difficulty in procuring suitable masters. Some have questioned the wisdom of striving to inculcate such strict discipline, but experience teaches that loose and easy government is not dictated by a real regard for the highest interest of students.

Notwithstanding the rigorous government at Kingswood, the students there, as well as children everywhere, revered Wesley as their friend. His very presence was a benediction, and when an octogenarian, it was common for him to find "all the street lined with these little ones," waiting to greet him with glad smiles and joyous welcome. He says in his Journals: "Before preaching, they only ran round me and before, but after it a whole troop, boys and girls, closed me in, and would not be content till I shook each of them by the hand."

In time Kingswood School became confined to the sons of itinerant preachers. Because of the rapid increase of preachers the school was filled, and enlarged several times. The results were most gratifying, and many of the students became bright and shining lights in the Methodist ministry.

PRAYER OF THE DEFEATED.

BY S. E. LEESON.

Father, when I arose at break of day,
I saw Thy hosts assembling on the height,
And, down the valley, hidden from their sight,
The post where my inglorious duty lay.
And when the sun rose o'er that grand array,
Crowning the hilltops with a blaze of light,
I cried, enraptured, "I will gain the height!
Yes, I will fight in yonder ranks to-day."

I sought, to lose; I mounted, but to fall;
I tried, to fail, until the sun was set;
I know defeat, which is but to forget
The task that Thou hast set, however small.

Lord, wounded, bleeding, at Thy feet I pray—
To do Thy will, oh give me one more day!

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO SUSANNAH WESLEY.

BY SARAH ROWELL WRIGHT.

IT is said that the secret of Goethe's greatness was discovered in the face of his mother, men and women alike understanding when they looked into her face why the world was so enriched through her son's life and work. If true of Goethe's mother, how much more of the mother of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism! If we would learn the secret of his power, we must needs go back to the simple rectory home in Epworth where Susannah Wesley, the wife and mother, ruled her flock so ably and wisely that Dr. Adam Clark, says of her in his notes upon the description of a perfect woman, in the Book of Proverbs: "I know of no one in ancient or modern times who might with such propriety have sat for that portrait as Susannah Wesley."

The full confidence John Wesley reposed in his mother's judgment is clearly mirrored forth in his loyal acceptance of her decision in regard to the employment of lay-preachers. We read how he came hurrying from London to stop the irregularity of the preaching of one Thomas Maxfield. Clear and strong rang out his mother's note of warning, "Take care what you do with respect to that young man: he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." When we think of what Methodism owes to her noble army of local preachers, who so unselfishly proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ, "without money and without price," we feel as if we are laid under a heavy contribution of gratitude to the woman, who, with almost prophetic vision, safeguarded for the then infant organization one of the most powerful agencies it has since wielded in behalf of its extension and growth.

We have no doubt that it was the memory of those Sabbath evening services in Epworth rectory, at which Susannah Wesley read and expounded the Scriptures to the neighbours and friends who gathered there, that made John Wesley cheerfully acquiesce in a woman proclaiming the Word—providing, of course, she had an "extraordinary call" to preach.

One reading the story of the beloved founder of Methodism "between the lines" cannot but be impressed with the fact that God as surely raised up Susannah Wesley to be the mother and spiritual guide of John Wesley, as He did John Wesley himself to be the dauntless leader and Christian reformer. Her saintly influence permeated his entire life, her forcefulness and strength became to him a strong tower, to which he could ever turn for support, and her noble and self-sacrificing spirit cheerfully yielded up her son on the altar of missions, in these remarkable words, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice were they all so employed, though I should never see them more."

John Wesley on Temperance Reform.

Delightful as is the theme of John Wesley's indebtedness to his mother, space forbids further

enlargement, as we wish to speak of his attitude to one of the most important questions of the present hour—that of temperance reform. To comprehend the advanced position taken by him we must bear in mind the state of society at this period. Intemperance covered the land as with a dark pall. No condition or class was exempt. The priest and rector in the pulpit, and my lord and lady in the pew, were often the slaves of drink. Among the working classes dissipation and degradation ran riot.

Dr. Johnston, in speaking of this period, thus writes: "It is considered quite the correct thing for gentlemen to return from their clubs and dinners in a state of beastly intoxication." Paley, in addressing the young clergymen of his time, found it necessary to exhort them "not to get drunk or to frequent ale-houses, and not to be seen at drunken feasts."

With a heroism sublime, and a courage unsurpassed, this preacher of righteousness gave forth no uncertain sound upon this great and, alas! so prevalent sin. In speaking of the evil of the use of intoxicating liquors, John Wesley said: "There is poison in the cup, and therefore I beg you to throw it away. If you say, 'It is not poison to me, though it be others,' then I say, Throw it away for thy brother's sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also. Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish?"

In another sermon preached at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, in November of 1775, speaking upon the same subject, he said: "Thousands of plain, honest people throughout the land are driven utterly out of their senses by means of the poison which is so diligently spread through every city and town in the kingdom. Nor is it any better abroad. I learn that in our colonies many are causing the people to drink largely of the same deadly wine; thousands of whom are thereby inflamed more and more, till their heads are utterly turned. Reason is lost in rage, wisdom is fallen in the streets. Here is slavery, real slavery indeed, most properly so called." See also the notable and often-quoted passage in which he speaks of all who deal in liquor as "poisoners general."

"They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them; the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell? Blood, blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, oh, thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,' canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out."

Thus did Wesley, like the Hebrew prophets of old, cry aloud and spare not as he fearlessly and faithfully rebuked sin in the high and low places of the earth.

His hands were ever full of work for humanity's uplift, and his heart so full of love for humanity at large that in very truth "the world was his parish."

> "When a great man dies
> For years beyond our ken;
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

London, Ont.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

IT is a matter of devout thanksgiving that the unifying tendencies of our holy religion are becoming more and more dominant. The soldiers who crucified our Lord refused to rend His seamless robe; but too often the warring sects of Christendom have not scrupled to rend His body, which is the Church. But, thank God, the time for polemics and disintegration has passed, the time of irenics and integration has come. As never before the words are being fulfilled: "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

In this work for unification our Presbyterian friends in Canada took the lead; and well they might. The typical Scotchman is apt to be a "metapheesical body" and a man of stubborn adherence to principles. This led to a multiplication of Presbyterian sects upon grounds of difference often seemingly of microscopic character, at least upon grounds so slight that only a man of Scottish acuteness would perceive them. As a result of this tendency there were the Auld Kirk and the Secession Kirk, the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers, the Auld Lichts and New Lichts, the Frees and the U.P.'s, and other divisions and subdivisions of that grand old daughter of the Reformation—the Presbyterian Church. A member of one of these sects, so small that it might almost be called an in-sect, was asked if he thought there were any real Christians in the world nowadays. "Well," he said, taking a pinch of snuff, "there's Janet and mysel'; but whiles I'm doubtfu' about Janet." The Presbyterian Church in Canada had the honour of being the first Church in the world to unite into one Church organization the different branches of Presbyterianism throughout a wide continent. This example was soon after followed by the Methodist Church, an example which has been followed in the far antipodes, and will in the near future, we are confident, be followed also in Great Britain.

It is in the mission fields and in the presence of the great heathen world that the need of union and co-operation is most strongly felt. Hence the allotment of special fields of labour to the different Churches to prevent overlapping and conflict of effort. The opening of our own great North-West has emphasized this need in Canada. Many years ago the late Principal Grant, writing in this Magazine, pleaded strongly for union and co-operation, and committees were appointed to carry out, where practicable, this object.

The sentiment has grown with the passing years. At the General Conference in Toronto of 1898 the Rev. Dr. Torrance, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, spoke of the grand results of union. Principal Caven emphasized those remarks and asked, "Shall there be no further union?" and strongly advocated still closer relations of these kindred Churches. The applause of the Conference showed that the thought was neither a novel nor an unwelcome conception. In his address at the Methodist banquet shortly after Sir Oliver Mowat heartily endorsed this sentiment.

The most hearty co-operation in temperance, Sabbath observance, and evangelistic effort has marked

the passing years. At the last General Conference, in Winnipeg, the fraternal delegates of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches were received with warmest cordiality. Principal Patrick, of the Presbyterian College, Winnipeg, strongly reiterated the sentiments previously expressed by Principal Caven, that it was the will of God that these kindred Churches should be brought together in bonds of closer Christian fellowship and union. To these sentiments the Conference warmly responded. It not only issued a strong pronouncement on this important subject, but took steps which can hardly fail to secure practical results. It was felt that in the far west, with its vast areas and sparse population, it was a waste of the Lord's money to indulge in denominational rivalries or overlapping of labour, and arrangements were made for the avoidance of these evils. The Conference also appointed a large and influential committee to negotiate with representatives of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Canada, with a view to ultimate organic union with these bodies, which are already led by Providence into close fraternal relations.

Committees of these two Churches have already met to facilitate co-operation and to prevent the waste and friction of overlapping in the same fields. The admirable inaugural lecture on John Wesley's Journals, recently printed in this Magazine, by Principal Gordon, of Queen's University, then of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, is another illustration of the drawing together of the bonds of Christian fellowship. Dr. Chown's recent article on Church Federation still further emphasizes this conception. To still further call attention to this important subject we requested Principal Patrick to give more in detail his views on the question of the union of these kindred Churches. This he has kindly consented to do in an interview, which we have pleasure in reproducing as follows:

The Union of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRINCIPAL PATRICK, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, WINNIPEG. REPORTED BY THE REV. R. P. BOWLES, M.A

I called on Principal Patrick and was cordially received. The Doctor being very much interested in the question of the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, we were soon eagerly engaged in a conversation on a theme in which the more one discusses it the deeper becomes his interest. Who knows how soon it may be in this Western Canada the one overshadowing question?

"What reasons," I asked, "do you think make this question of Church union specially urgent at the present time?"

"Well, of course, the chief reason," replied the Doctor, "is the rapid growth and great increase of population now taking place. It calls for more men and greater expenditure of money than at any former period. Since no one Church has sufficient means or enough men to meet this great need, and since union would effect a great saving of both, it seems indispensable that we should effect a union of our forces. Where two men are now doing the work which one could do there is waste.

"Indeed, these urgent conditions turn the question into another form and put the burden on him who opposes union, for the question now is, How justify disunion? It is not Why unite? but Why not unite? It is separation which needs vindication. Who can justify it in the present stress of our work?

"But," continued the Principal,

with considerable warmth, "it is not only a question of economy. By union we would avoid friction which otherwise is almost inevitable, and would thus prosecute our work more effectively in building up the Church of Christ in Canada. By union we would bring to bear on the problems before us the accumulated experience of both Churches. Greater wisdom and power would be the inheritance of the united Church."

"What do you consider," I asked, "the chief difficulties which would be met in effecting this union?"

"The chief difficulty, in the minds of many, would be the doctrinal one, and if any attempt be made to construct a common creed the difficulty would be insuperable. The suggestion I offer is that the existing diversities of opinion now allowed by either Church be allowed by the united Church. Therefore the basis of union should be the accepted standards of both Churches."

"But what then would you do," I asked, "in case of heresy?"

"I would let such cases be determined by the judicial action of the united Church. A series of decisions would, in course of time, sufficiently interpret the mind of the Church with respect to their common standards and would afford expression, if need be, to the growing convictions of the Church."

"What would you regard as the initial steps in effecting this union?"

"First there should be a declaration by both Churches in favour of union, and especially a statement that the differences in point of doctrine are not such as to render union undesirable or unwise. Following this, there should be an appointment of a joint committee of members and laymen from both Churches to prepare a basis of union and to settle the many practical questions necessarily involved. The report of this committee should be transmitted to each of the negotiating bodies for its approval. Final action should be taken only when this approval is given."

"Which do you think the more practicable, an incorporation or federation of the two Churches?"

"I think incorporation is as feasible as federation. The sentiment necessary to make federation a success would justify incorporation. Perhaps the initial steps of federation would be easier, but in federation I think the dangers of friction would be greater. Common action would often be jeopardized. Of course, much would depend on what is meant by federation and how much it involved. To my mind it implies the creating of some form of authority over both Churches, and I fear this might lead to controversy and misunderstanding."

"How about our itinerant system?"

"I would give liberty to congregations to arrange for their own pastors and to choose the system under which they preferred to be governed. I disapprove of compulsory itinerancy, while I recognize the defect of the Presbyterian system in that it does not provide opportunities for minister and people to have a change when such would be advantageous to both."

"What about a name for the United Church? Do you think Presbyterian-Methodist or Methodist - Presbyterian a suitable name?"

"Well, I do not think it very euphonious. But it would preserve the historical continuity of both Churches and would doubtless be the most acceptable."

The Doctor concluded by wishing all success to the proposed celebration of the bicentenary of John Wesley's birth.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Calcutta and Home.

THE ship was moored on Tuesday, and for the remainder of the week no one went ashore except the four topers, and they, by the time Saturday night came, had met with so much contumely from their shipmates for the way in which they had carried on that they seemed to have lost all desire to go ashore any more at all. Meanwhile Saul had been making inquiries quietly, and had found that there was being conducted in the Radha Bazaar, at the Sailor's Rest, a special mission for seamen by some Americans. Glowing accounts of their success among the sailors reached his ears, and he determined upon a bold step, having first long and earnestly besought God for a blessing upon what he was about to do. On Saturday night he sought the skipper privately, and asked for a small advance on account of his wages earned. This the captain gave him readily. Then he further asked whether the captain would approve of his taking all hands ashore in the afternoon to a meal and a meeting afterward. The "old man" professed himself delighted, and Saul, after thanking him, went forward, and succeeded in getting the promise of all hands but "the four" to come and share his hospitality at the Seamen's Rest at supper time, and stay to the meeting afterward. He told them that he had gone bail, as it were, for their good behaviour, feeling sure that none of them would slip away and go on a private tear of their own, and so make him regret having invited them ashore.

He was delighted at his success, and in the morning went ashore by himself and had an interview with the mission folks. When he unfolded his plan they entered into the spirit of it at once, but vainly endeavoured to induce him to allow them to bear part of the cost. Then, having made all his arangements, he returned on board, and at five o'clock the expedition set out from the ship, having been preceded, all unknown to them, by the skipper, who was simply burning with desire to know the secret of Saul's hold over the men.

Somewhat sheepishly, with a feeling as if they were doing something derogatory to their manhood, the little band rolled up the steps of the Ghat and across the Maidan. But it was not until they reached the Rest, and sat down to the large table reserved for them, that they began to shake off their shyness. Their eyes brightened at the sight of the crisp, green salad—lettuces, cucumbers, endive, and watercress—at the tasty dishes of sliced ham and beef, and the dainty rolls, and pats of butter on ice. All sailors who have known that overpowering hunger for green earth-fruits, bred of a long-enforced abstinence from them, will appreciate their feelings.

Gradually their reserve thawed out, and they laughed unrestrainedly at the quaint turns of speech given utterance to by that grave pair of American preachers who had sat down to supper with them. Oh, that heavenly gift of humour! When it is allied to a sacred sense of the holiness with which God invests his children, when the men and women of God are not afraid either to laugh themselves or to see others laugh, how good and pleasant and potent a thing it is to be sure! Before the meal was ended, not a man present there but felt that he could do anything for those two Americans. They were acknowledged to be real good fellows that anybody could feel at home with, and when, at the close of the meal, the elder of the two, a slender, dark-eyed man of about forty, with a flowing brown beard, stood up and said, "Waal, boys, if you don't mind, I sh'd like just t' thank the dear Father for His abundant mercies," every head was at once bowed, and not a heart present but beat responsive to the short, pithy thanksgiving that was offered up.

Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that the little company went into the hall set apart for the meeting

with nearly all their shyness replaced by an eager desire to hear what their new-found friends would have to say to them from the vantage ground of the platform. There was plenty of singing, conducted by a little group at the far end of the room remote from the door, and led by a harmonium, rousing choruses in which all could join and sing to their hearts' content.

Then came the praying and preaching, both done in that eminently common-sense way which seems to be the birthright of Americans, most of whom are born orators. It was utterly impossible to suspect those men of pose or cant. Their language was the language of every day ; their similes were drawn, like their Master's, from homeliest things ; they spoke with naked hearts to naked hearts, and with a full, tender appreciation of the needs and limitations of their hearers. And when they had delivered their message, while yet the interest of their hearers was at highest tension, they paused, and in earnest, beseeching tones implored all present not to allow this present opportunity of joining the noble army of Christ's warriors against the evil of the world to slip away from them. There was no excitement, no frantic endeavour to work upon the feelings of their listeners, but a calm, lucid, reasonable presentation of the facts to be faced. And then, when the inevitable invitation came for all those who would decide to serve the King henceforth to stand up, there was an immediate response, not from scattered ones here and there, but from almost every one in the room, to the number of about one hundred and fifty. Then, when the public confession had been made, the preacher, after telling them all to sit down again, said :

"Now, my dear chaps, those of you who are absolutely sincere, and who haven't just risen because you saw others do so, you're just enlisted into a conquering army, and you'll have to go on fighting till your lives end. You won't get plain sailing on the sea upon which you have just embarked any more than you get it now ; but ah ! what kind of sailors would you be if the ocean was always as smooth as a mill-pond, if there was always just enough wind to fill your sails and no more, and that wind was always fair ? One of your most frequently used words of praise is 'He was, or is, a man.' Well, men are bred, as you know, in hard struggle, in fierce fighting with all the forces that try to hinder them from their good, to keep them from the haven where they fain would be. Now, I'm going to wish you all good-night, and you'll go back aboard your ships with a desire you never had before, a determination to serve God and, therefore, your fellowmen. And He who is almighty will supply all your needs in Christ Jesus. Good-night."

The words had hardly left his lips when a strong voice arose from near the platform, "Hold on a minute, men." All hands stopped in their tracks as if turned into stone, while a burly figure mounted the platform and faced them. It was Captain Vaughan. There was a silence that might be felt as he said: "Men, I very nearly lost an opportunity, through bein' a coward, that might never have come to me any more. Some of you know me ; I command a big ship here —the Asteroid—an' on my passage out from London I've seen a specimen of what a Christian can be and do that has simply broken down all my wrong ideas about Christians. Men, you all know what a bo'sun can make of a ship. Well, my bo'sun bein' a Christian has made my ship one of the most comfortable on the high seas. He's a man, among all the men I have ever been shipmates with, the noblest. Through his example I am here to-night ; but, less brave than he, I nearly allowed my chance of standing up for God slip past me. Thank God, I didn't do so. I call you all to witness that James Vaughan, master of the British ship Asteroid, has signed on to serve God from to-night, come fair or foul, and may He give me grace so to live that I shall never bring any discredit on His great cause."

There was a breathless pause as Captain Vaughan ceased speaking, and then (who started it could not be told) a tremendous round of cheering ensued. "Hip, hip, hurrah !" six times repeated, until the whole building rang again, and men from coffee-bar and reading-room came flocking in to see what strange thing had happened. Then all hands dispersed into the night, and sought their several ships, singing with stentorian voices such choruses as they could remember of what they had heard ; while the dusky denizens of the bazaar looked on astounded, and forbore to invite to "Come see, plenty nice house me fine for you ; neber mine money ; can get from tailor, bumboat man, anybody." No ; though the Hindu did not savvy

the meaning of this strange outburst of song, he could not mistake it for the ribald, mirthless noises made by drunkards, and he stood back, allowing the joyful procession to pass, break up, and join its several ships.

The remaining days in port were all too quickly passed by the Asteroid's crew. With the captain now taking the lead in all their efforts to acquaint themselves more perfectly with the way of life, those who had entered upon that way were filled with self-condemnation that they had not begun before. The four foremast hands found themselves completely isolated by their own act, since they could not, would not, take part in any of the religious exercises of their shipmates, and because of their inferior numbers they were afraid to take any steps to show their disapproval of such proceedings.

And as if God was fitting, by the beautiful halcyon season he was giving, all these new-born babes in Christ each and all of them for some great work by and by, the elements themselves seemed to favour them. Never, said Captain Vaughan, had such a summer voyage been made to the East Indies in all his long experience. Bright skies, fair winds, work going on almost automatically. But when the ship arrived off the pitch of the Cape, Larry Doolan, who, it was noticed, had been getting very quiet and delicate looking for some time past, suddenly took to his bed, and sent word aft that he was sorry for it, but he could no longer do his duty because he felt "all gone" inside. As soon as Captain Vaughan heard of his illness he at once had him brought aft into a state-room which was prepared for him, and then he nursed him maternally, while Saul (whose life was now one uninterrupted circle of peace) visited him as often as his duties would permit.

The next Sunday morning, the ship having got round the Cape, the skipper came in and told his patient in true sailor fashion that "at last they were homeward bound." And Larry, turning his tired head languidly toward the speaker, replied: "Thankye, sir, but I'm homeward bound be meself, an' I'll git there quicker 'n you will." His meaning could not be mistaken, and Captain Vaughan, touched to the quick, replied: "Don't talk like that, Larry; we'll all pray for ye this mornin'; we'll pray right up that God 'll spare ye for many years yet. There's a great deal for you to do on the new lines of serving God while you're serving men, you know, an' we can't spare you."

There was a last flash of energy in Larry's answer: "Ye mustn't do ut, sor, ye mustn't do ut. It's God's great mercy t' me. I'm as wake as wather, an' He knows ut; I haven't a friend on airth, nor anny place I can call a home, an' He knows that too. An' I've been a-layin' here askin Him if in His great love for a poor crathur like me He'll take me out of it all. There's some 'at could be of service to Him, like that graand boy the bo'sun, but I'm not wan o' thim, and He, blessed be His holy name for iver, He knows ut. I'm not a bit o' good here, but I'll maybe alther in th' next worrld whin He gits a closer howld on me, or I can get closer t' Him. No, sor, don't ye pray that I may be shpared for anny more ov this worrld; I've had all I want av ut; but pray, av ye plaze, that I may have a good time goin' across. God bless ye all. I'm glad I lived to come across th' ship an' all av yez. It's ben a good time whoile ut lasted, but I know I'd do somethin' to make me a dishgrace to all of yez if I stopped here, an' I'm hungry t' be gone."

For all answer the skipper pressed his hand and hurried on deck, going straight to Saul's berth and asking him to come aft and see the sick man. I dare not tell you what passed between them, but I may say that Saul came out of the saloon with the shining face as of one who had been so close to the gates as to catch some reflection of the glory streaming through.

That morning's service was a most memorable one to all there. According to Larry's request, no prayers were put up for his recovery, but very many for his abundant entrance, and when the skipper went to see him at the close of the service he was no longer there; only the perishable tabernacle he had left behind, which bore upon its face the imprint of a smile of complete satisfaction. They buried the clay in the grandest of all graves that evening, and as it sank beneath the bright blue waves every one of those who had held out so long and sullenly against the sweet influences brought to bear upon them, yielded unconditionally, and announced that from henceforth they too would serve the best of all masters and friends, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Saul, as the good ship drew daily nearer her port, found himself wist-

fully wondering how Jemmy and the brethren had been faring in the little mission, for which he had never forgotten to pray with all his heart almost without ceasing since he had left. Not one line had reached him of their welfare, but his hopes were high, his faith calmly secure.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Difficult indeed it has been to return from the triumphant progress of God's work on board the Asteroid to the accumulating troubles of the apostles at Wren Lane. But it is always salutary to remember that the Way has the Valley of Humiliation as well as the Delectable Mountains, and especially to notice how even in the most earnest Christian work communities as well as individuals have their seasons of depression, dullness, and even disaster. Such a season had now apparently set in for the Wren Lane Mission. The loss of the money was a great blow to so poor a gathering for the reasons before given ; but worse than even the loss of the money was the suspicion, which would not be stifled, although none of them expressed it, that one of their number was the thief.

Then, on the Tuesday night after the loss Brother Jenkins turned up most unexpectedly, and as soon as ever Jemmy had put up the opening prayer he bounced to his feet and excitedly demanded to know the name of the brother who had suggested his resigning the treasurership. Evidently labouring under an absurdly exaggerated sense of grievance, he poured forth a multitude of bitter words, culminating in his flinging his book, vouchers, and money on the table, and dramatically refusing to have anything more to do with the mission at all. In vain did Brother Salmon endeavour to soothe him ; in vain did Jemmy, taking all the responsibility of having hinted at his resignation first, point out to him, in the most lovable way, how impossible it was for them to go on with a treasurer who only came on an average once in three weeks.

Jenkins considered his grievance so substantial that nothing would appease him, and after repeated efforts, shared by all except Skipper Stevens, the attempt was given up. Then, and not until then, did that old sea-dog say a word that clinched matters. "Looky here, Brother Jenkins," he said, "it's not a bit o' good your puttin' on frills over this matter. I seen at the outset of to-night's meetin' that you'd made up yer mind t' leave us, and all the appeals 'at was made t' you only tickled yer vanity. You an' Jimson's a pair, and I think the mission well rid of ye. But before you go let's have a look at yer book." There was a dead silence as Brother Stevens adjusted his spectacles and calmly lifted the uppermost document. One by one he looked at them, and then, opening the book, essayed to follow up their entry there and find, if possible, how the finances of the mission stood. But it was imposible. Between Jenkins' incapacity and neglect there was a hopeless muddle, out of which none of them were able to find what the condition of things really was.

But Jemmy came to the rescue. In his penny memorandum book he had entered, as of old, the sums received and paid, more as a matter of habit than with any idea of checking the treasurer. Now, as it turned out, his action had saved the mission from the very bad position of not knowing how the accounts stood, for in his little book was a perfectly clear and lucid statement of affairs. This was the signal for Jenkins to gather up his documents, and gabbling fiercely to no one in particular about the condition of things that he foresaw overshadowing the mission, he went out into the night without saying a word of farewell. And who should rise to console the grief-stricken brethren but Bill Harrop.

"Brevren," he said, "don't take this 'ere fing so much t' 'eart. It is 'ard, o' corse, t' see a bruvver leave like that, 'specially one wot's ben a-workin' wiv yer for a long time. Pore chap, 'e'll be the loser. 'E's gone aht inter the dark wot I just come in from, an' gone knowin' wot it is to 'ave the light. Gord 'elp 'im, I says. But don't let's be discouraged. We ain't none of us puffick, ain't likely ter be in this world, I 'spose, an' any of erse might backslide. That must make the backsliders' brevren sorry, but I 'umbly fink it orter make 'em cling closer t' the Lord, wot never disappoints us or can be anyfink else but the Lord ov Righteousness. Fur my part, though Gawd ferbid 'at sech a fing should 'appen, if every one of yer wos ter turn out wrong uns ter-morrer it wouldn't make no difference ter my faith, corse I ain't dependin' on yore

keepin' fai'ful, but on the Master wot saved me. Less pray fer pore Jenkins wiv all ahr 'arts. 'E'll need ahr pray'rs, 'im and pore Jimson will, afore they finds their way back agen."

But, as was only natural and to be expected, a deep air of despondency was generally worn, and when the meeting broke up, after it had been agreed to commission Jemmy to pay all the outstanding liabilities as far as the cash in hand went first thing in the morning, each went his or her way heavily, especially those who had made themselves liable as trustees for all the payments due from the mission. Perhaps the most cast down was Jemmy himself. He sighed heavily as he dropped the money into his trousers' pocket, and quite unconsciously murmured: "If Saul was only back agen!"

Almost instantly he was conscience-stricken, and as he trotted along homeward he said: "Dear Lord, fergive me fer clingin' more t' the creechur than the Creator. I didn't mean t' do it, Lord. I 'ave realized yore presence wonderful, an' I can tork t' ye as I can't even tork t' Saul, but if I could only touch yer, shake hands wiv yer as I can wiv Saul, I could face anyfink. That carn't be, of course, Lord, but do make it up t' me, Lord. Make me strong t' face trouble, make me feel thy presence wiv me all the time, more realler than anybody else's, won't yer please, dear Jesus?"

His last ejaculation brought him to his own door. Standing just within its dark entry was his wife. As soon as she caught sight of him she said sarcastically: "Oh, you 'ave come 'ome, 'ave yer. Some o' these nights you'll come 'ome an' fine th' 'ole shoot of us aht in the gutter. D'ye know we ain't paid no rent fur nigh on three weeks? D'ye know the landlord's ben rahnd 'ere t'-night a-swearin' 'at 'e'll put th' bums in ter-morrer? Not you. You lives in a little world o' yer own, full o' meetin's an' preachin's, an' makin' believe yore a lot o' saints rolled up inter one. But some on us 'as got ter do th' worryin' an' schemin' an' contrivin', an' if we ain't saints it's no fault of ourn. Look 'ere, if yore Gord's wot you say 'e is, w'y don't 'e pay yer rent, give yer pore kids enough t' eat, an'—an'——" But Mrs. Maskery could say no more. Poor woman, she was greatly to be pitied.

Poor Jemmy, listening with a feeling not far removed from guilt to the upbraidings of his over-wrought wife, suddenly realized that in his pocket lay the means of cutting himself free from this awful entanglement of financial difficulty. Why shouldn't he borrow the money for a day or two until he could have time to look about him? True, there was no immediate prospect of his earning much, but God was good; something might happen. Oh, it couldn't be wrong, under such conditions, to borrow a sum from the fund in his possession sufficient to pay the landlord and save his family from that dread visitant, the broker's man! Without thinking any more about it, having entertained the insidious idea for a few seconds, he turned to his weeping helpmate and said:

"Orl rite, ole dear, we shall get aht o' this bother. I got a frend 'll see me through. I know 'e will, cause 'e told me so. The money fur the rent's as good as in me pocket. Nah, don't you fret another minute, I tell ye. I'll just go aht an' see 'im in th' mornin', an' then I'll come 'ome an' give ye th' twenty-seven bob for ole Smith. Don't worry, there's a dear. Say, c'd y' eat a bit o' fish? If ye could I'll run roun' t' Pocock's an' git a bit. I'm 'ungry, an' I make no daht you are. Wot d'ye say?"

"W'y, of course I'm 'ungry," she replied grumblingly; "ain't we all 'ungry gen'ly? We gits the edge took orf our 'unger nah an' then, but we're never what you may call fair full. Yus, go an' git some fish—skate if they got it, an' some taters. Make 'aste."

Jemmy flew, as much to escape his accusing conscience as to be swift in his errand. For the bitter truth is that he had not one penny of his own. But as he had suddenly yielded mentally to the temptation to use the mission money for his own immediate necessities in the matter of rent, he felt an extraordinary desire to take the first step in the wrong direction, even though it was in so small a matter as six-pennyworth of fried fish and potatoes. While he stood at the counter of the fish shop awaiting his turn, his conscience (uneasy, sensitive member) gave him much trouble. But he silenced it by the world-old expedient of numbing his receptive faculties. It was a bit of a struggle, though, and much relieved was Jemmy when the greasy, hot, newspaper-wrapped parcel was handed over to him.

Now, according to the rules of fiction, he should have been unable to eat the food purchased by construc-

tive dishonesty. He should have been seized with remorse and pushed the fish away from him, to the great astonishment of his wife. Truth, however, compels me to state that so far from that being the case, Jemmy devoured his share with the keenest relish, entirely dispensing with knife and fork, champing up crisped bones and potatoes, almost reduced to a cinder, in vigorous fashion, and when, having mopped up the last drop of vinegar in his plate with his bread, he at last came to the conclusion that he had supped as well as ever he had in his life, he said in the comfortable tones of a man who cares not what the morrow may have in store for him : "Well, ole dear, that was a nice bit o' fish, wasn't it ? I don't like the way Pocock goes on, but 'e do sell good grub now, don't 'e ?"

"Good enough," answered his wife. "I don't want no better. An' nah let's get t' bed, an' mine you don't forget to go t' yore friend in the mornin' bright an' early. If you don't ole Smith 'll 'ave all our sticks carted off afore ten o'clock ; I feel shore of it."

"All right, dear," replied Jemmy. "I ain't likely t' fergit it." And off he went upstairs to bed. Then came another nasty jarring note. How could he pray ? He was contemplating an act of dishonesty. Nay, he had already been dishonest. How could he ask the Father's blessing on his sleep when he knew that he was determined to do wrong ? He could not face the trouble his wife had foreshadowed ; he had wrestled with and overthrown his legitimate scruples about using what did not belong to him, and now he went a step further and got into bed without offering his tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord God Almighty for all his love and care.

Poor Mrs. Maskery woke very early, so terrible had been the pressure upon her nerves. For of all the calamities which threaten the honourable poor none is greater than that of being sold up—the few bits of furniture gathered painfully piece by piece through many strenuous years being rudely snatched away, leaving the humble home desolate. And she had hardly realized the truth of what her husband had told her overnight—that he had a friend who would certainly see them through ; at any rate she had no idea that the friend of whom he spoke was at the time of speaking in his pocket. Therefore she woke early, and after a restless hour aroused her deeply sleeping husband with the remark that by the time he had washed, dressed, and had a bit of breakfast, it would be late enough for him to see his friend.

Poor Jemmy ! Sadly and slowly he realized to what he was pledged. Possibilities of repaying what he was about to borrow did not seem quite so plentiful as they did on the previous night, and worse still, there was the persistent questioning of conscience. So that he was glad to get out of the house into the street, although it was still much too early for him to seek the landlord. But, having once passed beyond the confines of Lupin Street, his steps turned almost automatically towards the Hall as a place of refuge where he might spend the time at his disposal in unmolested meditation. And then a bright thought occurred to him. Might not the Lord at this eleventh hour see fit to work a miracle so that he should be saved from the dreadful necessity which lay before him ? He would pray as he never prayed before ; surely God would hear him once more. The thought was so inspiring that he broke into a trot, and soon reached the Hall door. With trembling fingers he unlocked it and went in, the solemnity of the quiet place falling soothingly upon his fretted nerves, until suddenly, with an accelerated heart-beat, he caught sight of a man's body lying in an unnatural position on the floor in the middle of the Hall.

Springing forward, Jemmy laid hold of the body, which emitted a low moan of pain as he turned it over. In the strengthening light its face became visible, and Jemmy saw that it was the latest convert, Jemmy Paterson, the Terror of Rotherhithe. Like a flash all sorts of trifling evidential links connected themselves up, and Jemmy realized that this was the thief that had broken in before and had robbed the mission of its sorely needed funds. But he had no time to think of that now. The man was evidently most seriously hurt, one of his legs being doubled under him in such a way as showed that it must be badly broken. So Jemmy rushed to the door, and darting out in the lane, sought the nearest policeman, telling him the story and begging him to bring an ambulance at once, while he (Jemmy) returned to look after the poor wretch until the help should be forthcoming. When he got back he found the man still insensible, except that when Jemmy tried to move him a low sound of pain was heard. It was evident,

from the fact of the skylight overhead being open, how he had got in, but not so easy to understand how he could have been so foolish as to imagine that he would find more spoil, assuming that he had been the original robber.

These speculations Jemmy dismissed at once as beyond him ; and, kneeling by the side of the silent figure, offered up a fervent prayer that his life might be spared for repentance, also that the temptation assailing himself might by God's infinite grace be removed. He had only just risen from his knees when the door opened, and in tramped the two policemen bearing the ambulance. Very quickly and deftly they raised the poor wretch and placed him as comfortably as might be ; then, curtly telling Jemmy to follow, they bore the body out of the Hall, and set off towards the station. Upon arrival the presiding inspector questioned Jemmy keenly, while the police surgeon examined the poor, broken wretch. And when Jemmy's halting replies gave rise to a suspicion that his kindliness wanted to shield the suspect from the legal consequences of his act, the inspector, with a merry twinkle in his eye belying the sternness of his words, warned Jemmy that it would be a serious offence against the law to endeavour to protect a criminal in any way.

"I know all about that money you lost from the mission a while back. You thought you kep' it pretty quiet, of course, but I know all about it, an' how much it was, an' I've had a man givin' an eye to your place lately. He'll be in considerable trouble this mornin' too, 'cause I sh'll want to know how it was he never see this man a-clim'in' up on the roof or heard 'im fall. But that don't matter to you. If you want to do this joker any good you'll 'ave t' do it before the magistrate. I'm a-goin' to do my best to get 'im put away fur a stretch or two. I can do without him in my district very pleasantly, I give ye my word. Now run along, Jemmy, like a good little man."

And Jemmy did run along, for he realized with a pang that it was getting late, and what ever should he do if the landlord had already put the machinery of the law in motion ? The thought made him shudder. Putting on his best speed, he reached the landlord's house within ten minutes, although it was nearly a mile distant, and found him at breakfast. Poor Jemmy waited in the hall like a mendicant until the petty potentate came out, not knowing at all what plea he should put forward, with nerves all a-twitch, but still with a most curious freedom from apprehension as to the result of this meeting.

"Well, Mr. Maskery," said the landlord, coming out of the kitchen with his mouth full, "you're early. Come about that overdue rent, I s'pose ?"

"Yessir, I 'ave," replied Jemmy. "My wife tole me you was a-goin' to put th' brokers in early 's mornin', an' a-course that fetched me out mighty quick."

"Oh, well, Jemmy," the landlord resumed soothingly, "y' needn't be alarmed. A friend o' yourn—I ain't at liberty t' mention 'is name—'as paid the rent owin'. But you must try an' keep yer rent paid up every week. I alwus say that a man livin' in a weekly 'ouse, if 'e can't pay one week's rent 'tain't likely 'e can pay two, and p'raps I was a bit soft t' let ye run as long as I did. It's all right nah, though, an' I'm sure I 'ope you'll be able t' go along straight after this. Good-mornin'."

To say that Jemmy was stunned by the news thus casually conveyed to him would be to use but a very feeble figure of speech. He walked down the street like a man in a dream, trying to realize what the good news really meant to him. His prayers answered, his contemplated sin left uncommitted, his burden removed. Before I close this paragraph I must tell the reader what Jemmy never knew—viz., that the helping hand extended at the right moment was that of the broker. Never a hard man, he had been driven into the unthankful business he pursued much against his will, but much to the benefit of many a poor creature whose chattels he had been compelled to seize in the way of business. He knew Jemmy well and admired him, but had never until quite recently attended his meetings on the "Waste." And the last time he did so he was almost persuaded to avow himself a convert, but resisted the call and had been miserable ever since. When, therefore, Jemmy's landlord gave him the commission to seize his tenant's belongings in satisfaction of his legal claim, the broker felt that it was a heaven-sent opportunity to relieve his mind by doing something—by gratifying that primitive desire of all mankind when torn by spiritual fears—so he readily and gladly paid the amount due, only stipulating that Jemmy should never be told who his benefactor was.

Slowly and meditatively Jemmy made his way to the Hall, only once stopping by the way to pick up a shilling that lay shining on the pathway before him, and thinking, in a misty manner, that now he could not only replace the sixpence borrowed from the mission funds last night, but that he was sixpence to the good. He entered the Hall, flung himself on his knees, and thanked God for his deliverance, sent so speedily, as well as he was able. But he was mightily disturbed at what he felt was his want of fervour, and after a short season of trying to realize how grateful he ought to be, hurried home and told the joyful news to his wife, suppressing, however, the main details because he felt that their unfolding might lead to inconvenient cross-examination, in which Mrs. Maskery was an adept.

CHAPTER XX.

DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

By the next morning the strange occurrence at the Wren Lane Mission Hall was the talk of the whole district. Policemen are good sort of fellows, but they lead lonely lives, and a little conversation at night with a man they know is a boon they are truly grateful for. Thus it came about that the news of Jemmy Paterson's adventure buzzed from street to street, eclipsing in interest for the time that never-failing topic of conversation in certain circles, the winners. It was all the more interesting because now for the first time the fact of the robbery became generally known, and by common consent Jemmy Paterson was judged and found guilty of that as well as of breaking into the Hall yesterday morning. It is pleasant to record that, apart from the injustice of assuming his guilt while he was yet untried, his methods were universally condemned.

So it came to pass that when evening came, and with it the usual Thursday open-air meeting, there was a far larger gathering than usual around the little band on the "Waste." And although the speaking and singing were very poor, all the brethren and sisters being deeply depressed by recent events, there was a deeply sympathetic attention evident in all their hearers. This found expression at last when Bill Harrop came out to say his little piece. He was deeply moved, so deeply that for some moments, although his lips worked, he was unable to utter an articulate sound. At last he said:

"Friends, it's no conjer t' 'ave t' speak t' ye ter-night, knowin' wot we all know abaht the fings wot's 'appened lately. 'Ere's a little band of men an' women come aht in their own time, at their own exes, t' try an' do us good. 'Ow Gord's blessed an' encouraged 'em we all know; we've seen the Mission 'All growin' up aht o' nothin', and' we've seen men an' women bein' brort inter the kingdom of Gord 'at we sh'd never a-thort 'd be wuth a rotten tater. I'm one of 'em, an' I feel as if I might be some good some day, even me. Well, you all know now how Jemmy Paterson's be'aved tords 'em; ye'll know now 'ow some one's pinched all the money they had c'lected to pay some 'eavy expenses; over £11 it was. An' it do seem 'ard 'at such a fing as this sh'd 'appen t' pore workin' people, same as you an' me, 'cause they're a-tryin' t' do their own clarse good. 'Tain't like 'sif they was a big chutch wiv lots of wealthy people to gavver rahnd 'em an' make up all they've lost. No; unless we buck up an' 'elp 'em some on 'em 'll 'ave th' brokers in, fur your an' my sakes, an' don't you fergit it. Well, I tell yer wot I'm a-goin' t' do; I'm goin' t' live same as they do in quod, an' save the oof 'n give it to 'em t' make up wot's been snavelled. Wot er you goin' t' do? I know it's Fursday, but you could all shake up th' price of a 'arf o' sherry if y' thort you'd 'ave it. Well, aht wiv it, an' come along Sunday night wiv a tanner each, two or free 'undred of yer, an' we sh'll make it up. We're none on us mean, are we?"

The response was instant and surprising. For some minutes there was a perfect hail of bronze, with not one piece of silver among it. And when it was gathered up from the ground there was actually £1 5s. worth of it. Jemmy wept for joy. Old Pug Maskery looked in, having been away at Margate for a few days on an excursion for mission purposes. And when he heard all the news he looked grave, but soon brightened up, saying:

"Jemmy, my boy, you're young yet, an' you don't know 'arf the tricks the devil gits up ter w'en 'e finks 'is kingdom's likely ter git a 'eavy knock. That's wot I carn't ever understand. 'Ere we are in these latter days wiv abaht a 'underd servants of the devil t' one real, true servant of Gord, an' yit the ole demon seems just as keen, just as 'ard upon all them 'at's a-doin'

anyfink agin 'is kingdom as if 'e wos just a-startin' in bisness. Nah, look 'ere, my boy, take it from yer ole farver wot's seen bofe sides—if you wasn't a-doin' no good, the devil woodn't bother you any. W'y some o' the deadest chutches I knows of is th' wealthiest. It don't matter to them 'ow th' chutch of Christ is a-gettin' on, they 'as speculashins abaht oo bilt the pyramids, an' whevver they was any people afore Adam, an' w'ere Cain got 'is wife, none o' wich fings trubbles the devil a little bit. So they 'gits on'—that is, they gits plenty o' money an' all th' swells in the nayburwood finks as 'ow it's a bit of all right t' be a member of that there chutch 'cause Miss This and Sir Somebody That goes theer. Ah, well, Jemmy, don't worry! Verily, they 'as their reward, and you'll 'ave yourn, safe, shore—carn't miss it."

And all the time that Pug was speaking his son was recalling, with cold chills running all over him, how only the day before he had decided to do what even the world would call a dishonest action. How ashamed and uncomfortable he did feel, to be sure! There are some wounds which the Samaritan's oil and wine cause to smart and even fester. The old tale of the Spartan boy with the fox concealed in his robe is true in a great many senses.

The next morning, Jemmy, having four or five orders to execute, was up at three o'clock, and as in the course of the morning he found several more chimneys to sweep, it was ten o'clock before he reached home for breakfast, very hungry and weary. But while he was resting and eating his plain and scanty meal he remembered the plight of Jemmy Paterson, the burglar, and he determined to go and see him in the infirmary. This resolve, full of kindness and Christian spirit as it was, involved him in severe trouble with his wife, who, as soon as she saw him preparing to go out dressed, demanded, as usual, to know where he was going. When he told her he was obliged to lay the whole story before her, and his previous omission to do so filled her with wrath. For she at once came to the conclusion that he must have had some sinister motive for concealment, as it was his usual practice to tell her all the news of the Hall and receive meekly her vitriolic comments upon himself, his work, and his associates. Then, when she had exhausted her stock of anger upon that head, she found a new cause of offence in Jemmy's going to visit the robber; why, it is difficult to see, since he had often been to the infirmary before, visiting. But reason was never Mrs. Maskery's strong point. If she thought she did well to be angry, she was angry, and with an ingenuity that compelled the admiration of every one except the unfortunate object, she never failed to find, for her own satisfaction, sufficient cause for anger.

As the storm-wind of winter thrashing about the branches of the young trees makes them sinewy and capable of sustaining the stress of coming storms, so these tussles with his wife on points of duty doubtless did much to harden Jemmy's moral gristle. It is true that the scene almost always ended in Jemmy's taking refuge in flight, but that is in no wise derogatory to him; the only unwisdom he showed was in striving so long to change her views, a task utterly hopeless.

On the present occasion, as usual, after hearing patiently all the opprobrium she chose to load him with for about half an hour, and only interposing mildly an occasional explanation or expostulatory word, he fled, and before he had got to the end of the street his ruffled spirit had grown calm again; he had forgotten and forgiven for the thousandth time.

(To be continued.)

CHARITY.

The world was drear and chill, the tall
Trees tossed their naked arms to the cold sky,
The wind moaned restlessly.
Then, fluttering lightly over all,
The snow-flakes softly fell, until
Each stony path and barren hill
Was softened with a kindly veil—
And such is charity.

—*Meta G. Watkins.*

THE PREACHER'S USE OF THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.*

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N an important sense there is no part of the Old Testament which should be of more use to the Christian preacher or more akin to the genius of his work than the prophetical books, for it is approximately true that the prophets were the preachers of the Old Testament Church. In part, the prophecies were written and not spoken, as appears to be the case with the second part of the book of Isaiah. But even so, the earlier form of prophecy as spoken left its mark upon the later literary prophecy.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that the prophetic writings, as we have them, are largely the edited and condensed reproductions of fuller and freer utterances. Many of the connecting links seem to have been omitted, and the books as they have come down to us in many parts suggest to a preacher that he possesses a prophet's full and elaborated "notes."

Dr. A. B. Davidson says: "The prophetic ideas form but half of the prophets' teaching, the greater half lies in their own life and personal relation to God."† That contains an important point as to the way we preachers should use the prophetic books. They belong to the doctrinal element of the Old Testament and appeal to us on what I may call the spiritual, and yet official, side of our life. We may go to them for the moral and spiritual equipment that makes men to be anointed prophets. The prophetic biographies are full of suggestiveness as to how men were made into "polished shafts," to use the words of the great writer of the exile, how, to quote the New Testament apostles, they are fashioned to be "vessels sanctified and made meet for the Master's use." What we are is so important that I venture to linger on this aspect of the use of the prophetic writings.

The prophets were men in whom the sense of vocation and commission was very strong and definite. How impressively does this come out in the call of Jeremiah, in the words which find their echo in the Epistle to the Galatians. "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee. I have appointed thee a prophet to the nation. . . . Behold I have put my words in thy mouth; see, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to pluck up, to break down, and to destroy, and to overthrow; to build and to plant. Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee; be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. . . . They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee." Little wonder if such a vocation, prenatal, and then repeated to the soul, with promises so large and a threatening so solemn, should have its fruition during the depressions and dangers and disappointments of Jeremiah's forty years' ministry. We, too, might learn in that school.

How suggestive is the story of the vocation of Amos which he tells to Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, who would interrupt his prophesying and charged him with a venal ministry. He records in this *Apologia pro vita sua* that he belonged to no prophetic brotherhood or guild; he was but a contented countryman, busy with his flocks and sycamore trees, but that to him there came a voice he could not misunderstand, a command he could not gainsay, a vocation he dared not refuse—"The Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy to my people Israel." It was this that had taken him from the safe contentment of his home in Judea to the perils of Bethel and the chapel royal, and empowered him, unabashed and unterrified, to deliver his message.

How suggestive for the quiet hour is the experience of the prophet Ezekiel. Remember that opening vision of the living wheels by the river Chebar. It was while the prophet lay prone upon his face, overpowered by the glory and wonder he had been beholding that his

* An address given at the Theological Conference of Victoria University.

† Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible.

call came. Then was it, O mighty experience so distinct and express, that the "Spirit entered into me when he spake unto me, and I heard him that spake unto me." Then came the commission, "I do send thee unto them, and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, shall know that there hath been a prophet among them. And thou, son of man, be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house."

It was in a vision that his commission came to Isaiah. If the vision that Ezekiel saw emphasized the knowledge and varied activity of the Eternal, the vision of Isaiah laid its stress upon that holiness which was the burden even of seraphic worship. It was no easy task that the prophet saw before him, for the nation was a people of unclean lips, and he was unclean. Yet, when, in response to the divine challenge, he calls, "Here am I, send me," there was laid upon his lips the painful, burning, yet cleansing, coal from off the altar. Isaiah's message, with its splendid diction and gracious doctrine, is worth much to the preacher. But who can tell the worth of the lessons the preacher learns for himself from the story of the commission? It may be we recognize in some crushing sorrow, some grievous blow, the touch of the burning yet sanctifying stone.

Think of the lessons for the preacher's inner life that he may learn from the story of Jonah. I am not concerned with the question of its interpretation. It is, at the very least, a setting forth in parabolic form of a prophet's experience. And how full of warning. Alas for the man who seeks a place where he may please himself; alas for the man who brings upon him the storms of divine vengeance to his own peril and that of his fellow-toilers "o'er life's solemn main."

Blessed is the man who knows what it is to abandon himself in the fiercest dangers in the pursuit of duty, be it amid the billows of the sea or amid the thousands of a heathen city. Let a man beware lest he mistake the transitory and personal elements of his message for that which is wider and more divine, lest he exalt himself as servant above the will of the Master he serves and value the perished gourd of his message more than the saved city. Surely the book of Jonah is a book for the preacher's secret hours.

Yes, the preacher may remember how much his own experience may contribute to his prophetic discipline, to the spirit and even the substance of his message. He may ponder the story of Ezekiel's widowhood. The prophet must know the pain, the despair, the stupefaction of that sudden irrevocable stroke, the symbol of the visitation God was about to send upon a rebellious people. His own restraint, a sorrow too deep for expression, for the common conventionalities of paraded mourning, was to portray the overwhelming ruin of Jehovah's people.

Yet the most tender and pathetic is the story of Hosea's unhappy home life contained in the first three chapters of his prophecy. I take these chapters neither as a vision nor a picture, but as the idealized and prophetic presentation of Hosea's own bitter experience. How bitter? The unstable and faithless wife, the children that were not his own; the forbearance that overlooked the fault; the open revolt that removed all wifely obligation; the reacquiring at cost of what by right had been his own. Thus did this man learn the compassion of God. Wherefore? Is it that the Hosea who seems to speak from the page and through tradition was too stately, too cultured, too much of the aristocrat, all but too much of the Pharisee, to understand the compassion of Jehovah to backsliding and prodigal Israel? I know not. Yet to him it was in this personal experience that the dominant note of his message was set, the theme of his anthem of grace was first given in this dire anguish.

For the preacher there are thus important elements that lie rather in the prophet's experience than in his utterance.

The reader of the prophets cannot fail to be struck with their ready acquaintance with the national history. The valuable and widely read Baird lectures on the "Early Religion of Israel," by Dr. Robertson, of Glasgow, are largely based upon the acquaintance shown by the prophets of acknowledged date with the earlier history of the people and the religion. Moreover, to quote one pre-eminent instance, the first chapter of Amos shows singularly wide acquaintance with the foreign politics of the time—those of Syria, Philistia, Phoenicia, Ammon, Moab; easily understood in an Isaiah of Jerusalem, but very striking in the prophet herdman of Tekoa.

To the prophetic order national his-

tory, their own and others', formed an important element of their equipment. Again and again their illustrations suppose a knowledge of the sacred story alike in themselves and in the people, something to which they could appeal. I venture to think that as illustrators we might take the prophets as models, and that the solid facts of history, in the stories of Rome, Greece, England, of our own continent, and especially the story of the Christian Church, might be made to supplant the very unsatisfactory anecdotal garnishing of much modern preaching.

But to the prophets the history of the people was more than a storehouse of illustration. As Dr. Edersheim remarked, the prophetic ministry "was intended to meet the people in their successive stages of development, to point out to them the lessons of the past, to explain the meaning of the present, and so to prepare them for that future which is announced." I am convinced that in this respect we may be followers of the prophets. Are there no parts of our national history upon which we may well dwell? Are there no great principles illustrated in the history of a thousand years needing to be enforced? Building, as we do, a social and political present upon that past, ought we not to educe some great lessons from the record?

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

May we not, too, adopt the prophetic rule and explain the meaning of the present? And this we must do, not as the basis of more expediency and partisanship, but by laws of righteousness. We must measure the present with the cubit of the sanctuary. To how many of our hearers has the present little or no meaning—events, facts, reports, impressions—but no great, ethical, divine meaning? How much of present life demands the prophet's eye to see it, the prophet's tongue to explain it, the prophet's daring and sanctity to utter it! Problems of poverty and wealth, of disrespect to parents, of vanity in man and woman, of a lessening regard for life, of crime, of prostitution and gambling. There lies around us a present whose meaning the prophet must point out, for he alone can; while, if he is to be, as he ought to be, a herald of a better day, it is his calling to prepare the people for it.

Beyond a certain point we may not use their utterances, though we may cultivate their spirit. The conditions of their times are not those of ours; the venal judge of the East is, at least within our vast empire, a practically extinct species. And on the other hand new social conditions have dawned for us, of which they could have had no conception. I refer to the advanced civilization, with its many financial, vital, social and ethical problems, by which we are surrounded.

Yet many parts of the prophetic writings lie in the plane of modern life. How many utterances are applicable to the land hunger of the world's more thickly populated lands —"Woe unto them that join house to house and field to field." Again let me remind you how often we meet the prophet's denunciation of luxury and excess, the ivory beds, the long-continued feast, the morning debauch, the evening carouse—the harp, the lute, the tabret and pipe, and wine in their feasts. These are pressing moral problems and our safest contact with them may be through the prophetic messages.

We need great skill not sometimes to err even in this. There is an ethical degeneration or political crudeness that will accept the phrase and yet pervert the message. But the minister who desires to apply righteousness and the fear of God to our present problems cannot be an uninterested student of the prophets.

There is another element of prophecy that is to be to us a source of inspiration. The prophets were idealists as to the Kingdom of God—dreamers, if you will, but of a dream under whose spell they continued, and pursued and performed their arduous life's work. Their conception of the new kingdom was at best partial and transient, built largely upon foundations of their present, and set in a framing of current circumstances which to some extent gave the shape, dimensions and atmosphere of the picture. It may have been continually associated with a day of Jehovah that seemed to be nothing more than a magnified national victory. Yet beneath all this they saw a vision that bestowed upon their ministry its effectiveness. Take a few illustrations. What an ideal does Isaiah portray in the picture, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

Think, too, of that glorious apocalypse in the thirty-fifth chapter of the same book, beginning "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," or the briefer vision of Ezekiel: "This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden," until no beauty of time or sense can satisfy the dream of the prophet, and he speaks of a kingdom of redemption, fresh from the hand of God, "I create new heavens and à new earth; and the former things shall not be remembered nor come to mind."

To hint at the ideals of the prophets would be the task of hours, not the compass of an essay; yet the temptation to quote is strong: "The labour of Egypt, and merchandise of Ethiopia and of the Sabeans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee, and they shall be thine: they shall come after thee; in chains they shall come over, and they shall fall down unto thee, they shall make supplication unto thee, saying, Surely God is in thee; and there is none else, there is no God." "Thine eyes shall see Zion a quiet habitation, a tent that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked up, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the Lord shall be with us in majesty, a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship go thereby." "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will set thy stones in fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord and great shall be the peace of thy children."

These are but fragments from a mass of prophetic, pictorial idealism or optimism. The prophets anticipated a glorious kingdom, world-wide, eternal, undisputed, glorious, and the source of blessing.

Now we prophets of the New Testament believe that of such a character will be the Kingdom and Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. We believe that we shall see the things they dreamed and desired to see, but did not see. The best they hoped for we believe to be something inferior to the perfected Kingdom of Jesus, to the Church as the Bride, the Lamb's wife. And yet how short we fall of this glorious idealism. Our imagination—how little, in comparison, is it stirred? How feeble a flame of enthusiasm is kindled in us. How little are we moved to picture and anticipate by hope the purpose of God. I am not unaware of the difficulties. The Kingdom of God is among us—but, alas, how many and prevalent are the forces of evil. How slow have those visions been in taking form in concrete life. And we feel as if they were but dreams, unsubstantial pageant, the baseless fabric of a vision. Yet to dream these dreams as they did would help their fulfilment.

There is a discontent that energizes as there is a discontent that paralyzes with despair. We are too much in peril of forgetting that there is a purpose of God, a heavenly kingdom to be made manifest,—"one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves." Our dreams are dull and drab, our ideals mean. Our conception of the Kingdom and the Church is poor and ignoble. We need to become idealists. Then should we toil more for the realization of the soul-commanding ideal. The thought of the present blessedness belonging to the Kingdom would touch our present social and religious efforts. Nor could we with the prophet's visions before our eyes so lightly value the foreign enterprises of the Church. If to the prophetic vision we could add the promises of Christ and the anointing of the Spirit and the dynamic of the Gospel, what splendid idealists we might become; what giants, too, to make actual the vision!

The preacher may also suitably turn to the prophets at such times as he desires to insist upon certain of the more elementary truths of religion, retribution, repentance, and pardon. These truths are largely the suppositions of the New Testament Scriptures. After the fourfold story of the life of the central Figure of the Gospels come the Epistles, largely taken up with aspects of Christianity which were brought to the front by the immediate and local needs of early churches. The elementary truths were already part of the mental furniture of the apostles' correspondents. We live in a day in which these fundamental conceptions, if they do not require teaching, at least require enforcing. And what lessons of discipline do the prophetic books contain! How many are the sins against which the mighty denunciations are thundered?

Let me remind you of the first chap-

ter of Isaiah, the Great Indictment, as Ewald called it, and its impeachment of formal, empty religion. Think of Amos' impeachment of the surrounding states for their inhumanity. And remember the threatenings that these lips pronounced were some of them fulfilled under the prophet's eyes. Did not Jeremiah foretell Jehovah's retribution upon Jerusalem, and did he not behold it? Did not Joel see in the invading army of locusts the rod of the Lord? Did not Micah depict a sure and humiliating retribution upon Jerusalem? If we seek aspects of the doctrine of retribution we may turn to the prophets. If we need illustrations of this as an abiding principle of the world's administration we turn to them. If we would illustrate the principle that no formal incorporation with the Church will avail we turn to the warnings addressed to the Church of the Old Testament. If we want phrases touching retribution that shall linger in the ear and haunt the memory we find them in these books.

And yet our message is not to be the heralds of an inevitable judgment. Even these stern prophets of the older dispensation were more than that. They were not less confident that upon repentance there was forgiveness. They were heralds of a coming salvation, but they were ministers of a present pardoning God. The accomplished work may be exhibited in the Gospel, but the message of grace rings out from the Old Testament in words of undying charm and power, and many a time will this theme be best presented in its light and language.

How significant is the fact that the Anglican Church commences her office of daily prayer with these passages from the prophets: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," etc., "Rend your hearts and not your garments," etc. What message of pardoning love ever fell from any lips—save those of the Incarnate Rest-giver—more gracious than some of the prophetic messages? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near, let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, for he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

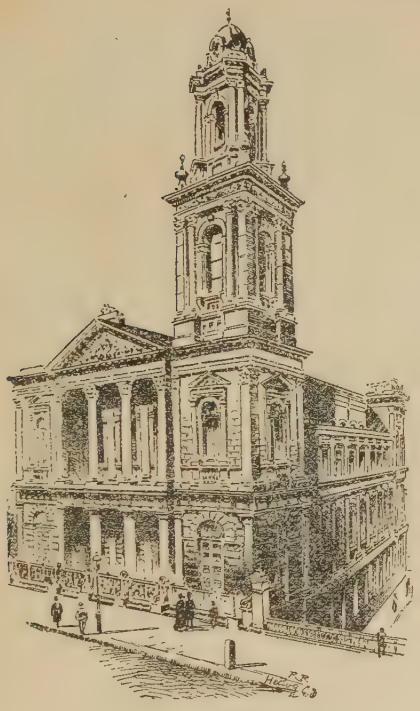
Remember the promise in Joel, "I will return you the years the locust hath eaten, my great army." Or let us answer to the people Micah's question, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." Or what message like that of Hosea—the man of the goodly fellowship of the prophets and most intimately acquainted with griefs—"I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall blossom as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Surely in these words and the like we find an incomparable utterance for our great "ministry of reconciliation."

There are other aspects of the preacher's use of the prophets that I must dwell upon more slightly. So far as it comes to the preacher to be the defender of the claims of the Gospel he will find in the prophetic writings a line of thought he will do well to pursue, and often in his discoursing upon the ministry of the seers it may be possible for his words to glance off for a moment to some aspect of the defence of the Gospel.

So, too, he will find much both to decide his own Christology and to aid his presentations of the Redeemer in these books. They contain aspects of the Redeemer's work which are best illustrated here. There are elements of the portrait of Christ best learned in this school. If the story of the suffering of the Redeemer is found as fact in the Gospel, with all the power of fact to influence, yet there is a peculiar emotional force in that portrait that illumined the heart of the Ethiopian courtier—the Man of sorrows borne like a lamb to the slaughter.

The mystery of the atonement is found not only in the thought of vicarious suffering, but in that of the obedient servant of Jehovah, and the modern ideas of Incarnation and the solidarity of the race in this connection will largely find their biblical basis in this great prophetic conception. The place of pain in the scheme of divine providence, the fact that man may be called to vicarious suffering—"I fill up that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ," as St. Paul phrased it—a truth our day appreciates but must learn more thoroughly—will find some of its best illustrations from this source. In one word, our ministry in the pulpit would be infinitely poorer in phrase, in illustration, in evidence, in confidence, too, if we had not this great volume of truth to fall back upon.

THE CITY TEMPLE AND ITS MUSICAL SERVICE.



THE CITY TEMPLE.

Dr. Joseph Parker was one of the strongest forces that make for righteousness in the city of London. Since the death of Spurgeon probably no preacher has had a more cosmopolitan audience. The very ends of the earth were represented in his congregation. Ministers from Melbourne and Montreal met in his vestry. His record book contains names from the antipodes. It is a signal proof of his power as a master of assemblies that for thirty years at the busy noon-day hour, on one of the busiest days in the week, an audience of two thousand, mostly men, gathered in the City Temple to hear the great preacher.

The Temple itself is a monument of his striking personality. It was erected at a cost of $350,000 on the Holborn Viaduct, in the very heart of "streaming London's central roar." The Viaduct itself is one of the most striking evidences of the energy and enterprise of the great world city. It spans Holborn Valley, a reminiscence of early London. The church will accommodate two thousand persons, and is filled at every service.

When the World's Sunday-school Convention was held in London, its first sessions were convened in the hall of the Sunday-school Union, up three or four flights of iron stairs. The enterprising B. F. Jacobs said, "This will never do," and the sessions were forthwith transferred to the City Temple and Exeter Hall. In the Temple, to the present writer was assigned the duty of responding for the Dominion of Canada to the address of welcome, a very comprehensive subject. The responsiveness and cordiality of the British audience was at once an inspiration and an aid in speech.

A marked feature of the service in the City Temple is the congregational singing. In this the accomplished wife of Dr. Parker was a potent factor. Her grace, her musical taste and skill, her religious sympathies, gave the musical service a spell of power. We have pleasure in quoting the interview with Mr. A. J. Hawkins, organist and choirmaster of the City Temple, reported in The Musical Herald. He said :

"Dr. Parker's attitude to music was one of sympathy and great encouragement. You know that in my time the music of the service has been considerably developed ; indeed it is difficult to see what more we can do than we now do in this way, for, after all, ours is a preacher's service. Dr. Parker was not musical, in the sense of understanding music, but he was decidedly susceptible to it. I have many letters from him relating to the arrangements, and if they were published they would show that he had a great heart for the music of the church. He encouraged us to give 'the very best' music of which we were capable.

"The deacons should be associated with any reference to Dr. Parker. Their support of the music has always been liberal and friendly. We have a fine library of anthems and sacred music. Dr. Parker liked a 'bright' anthem. His taste leaned a little towards the old school. Clarke Whitfield's 'Praise God in His Holiness,' was one of his favourites. Often," continued Mr. Hawkins, "I get letters from organists from various parts of the country telling disheartening tales

of the opposition that their efforts to improve the music of the service have met with from minister or deacons, or both. A more gratifying type of letter relates how the minister has attended a service at the City Temple, and has been so moved by the music that he wants to have the same kind of service in his own church.

"The ordinary 'service music,' consists of three hymns, a chant, an introit, a setting of the Lord's Prayer, an anthem, and a solo or quartette. In the evening service the General Confession is intoned. We sing in every service a high-class Anglican anthem or sacred chorus. We have a professional quartette, and a voluntary choir of forty-five to fifty members. At the beginning of each month, we print the anthems and principal items of music for each service, and the lists are exhibited upon the church doors. The hymns are fixed each week, and the numbers appear on the service paper, which every worshipper receives on entering. I have always chosen the hymns. Dr. Parker left the matter entirely to me, and it is curious how often they have fitted into the mood of the sermon.

"At the Thursday service there is less music. It is a preaching service. A dozen ladies of the congregation come to lead the two hymns, and we always have a solo, but that is all. Mr. George Harlow, with his trumpet or cornet, has all along been a valuable help on Sunday in the hymns. The tone of the brass instrument is more penetrating than the organ, and seems to rouse the congregation. The hymn-singing of the congregation has always been an impressive part of our service, and we are proud of it. Visitors, Americans especially, always notice it. Here Mr. Harlow has done excellent work. He plays with judgment, and in the soft verses leaves me with the organ only. Can we get expression from such a mass of people? Certainly; and you will be surprised how quick is the response of the congregation to the lead of the organ and the choir.

"Mrs. Parker's death was mourned by every member of the choir. We lost in her a good friend. Her sweet nature shed its influence on all our members. Of the old voluntary choir she was a leading singer. Then we introduced the professional quartette, and I can never forget how quietly and naturally she changed her seat, giving way to the professional soprano. Yes, my memories of both Dr. and Mrs. Parker are altogether happy and unclouded. Neither ever found fault with us; both were frequent in their appreciation. It is pleasant, indeed, to work amid such surroundings."

Among those present at the memorial service for Dr. Parker was Mr. E. Minshall, whose voluntary work as organist of the City Temple for seventeen years will always be remembered, and Mr. Alexander Tucker, who assisted his old colleagues in the choir. While the congregation was assembling and waiting, Mr. Hawkins played the three funeral marches by Kinross, Schubert, and Chopin. The introit was "Sleepers, Wake." Then followed the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," Bridge's "Crossing the Bar," as a quartette; the hymn, "Rock of Ages," the anthem, "Brother, thou art gone before us" (Sullivan), the hymns, "Peace, perfect peace," and "Now the labourer's task is o'er," Stainer's Sevenfold Amen, and the Dead March in "Saul."

Since this interview took place, the newspapers have announced that Dr. Parker has, in his will, left one hundred pounds to Mr. Hawkins; a pleasant proof of their cordial relations.

TO JOSEPH PARKER.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

Voice of English voices,
Point of England's pen,
Flame of England's conscience,
Leonine of men!

How is greatness greatened,
When it lifts its face
To a constant passion,
In a constant place.

Where the true man preaches,
In a gown or smock,
There is a cathedral,
There the people flock.

Where the true man preaches,
Tho' the phrases flash,
Tho' the worded music
Like a fountain plash,

With a light whose glory
Dims all else to dross,
Rises, sole and simple,
Christ's Imperial Cross!

—*Independent.*

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

The world's history is that of its great men. We are all hero-worshippers. We follow with keener interest the story of great movers than of great movements. The personal interest of the concrete surpasses any of the abstract. He who knows the life-story of a Knox, a Cromwell, a Wesley, a Gladstone, has more vivid conception of the general history of their times than if his studies be diffused and dispersed among many minor individuals.

Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are the two Canadian statesmen who exercised the most winsome personal charm and the broadest national influence. The one was a leading agent in the federation of the Dominion, the other in the federation of the Empire. Mr. Willison has, in this noble political history, given us a character-study, of unique and fascinating interest, of the great Liberal leader. He brings to his task a rare combination of talents—wide reading, a sympathetic spirit, a judicial temper, a brilliant literary style.

No more conspicuous figure at the Diamond Jubilee and Coronation pageants was there than that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Of all the pro-consuls of the Empire he was the hero. It was an object-lesson in empire-building to see this man of the French race, of the Roman Catholic religion, yet the foremost commoner of the great Dominion, winning the popular plaudits alike at the heart of the Empire and at the capital of the nation, the nation from which Canada had been reft.

Mr. Willison's graceful style is shown in the opening sentences of his study of Sir Wilfrid. "All down the generations the green and quiet country has been the nursery of poets, philosophers, and statesmen. There is comfort and serenity in the open sky, the wide field, and the strip of bush, and a spacious leisure in the long, slow days and solemn, brooding nights. All there is is of divinity in man ripens under such conditions, and the elemental simplicities and austerities of life breed in him high resolves and large ambitions. If we examine the rolls of the great public schools and universities, we shall find that very many of the leaders in the class-lists have come up from rural homes, and were reared perhaps in grievous circumstances.

"The roar and clamour of cities seem to produce diffusion and distraction. Social duties and social ambitions take the best out of lives that, under the steadier conditions which prevail in rural communities, would have been deeper and fuller and richer in human service. How much of the strength and sanity of British statesmanship is the product of quiet English fields and wide ancestral estates! The rugged hills and bleak moors of Scotland are the nursing mothers of immortals. Lincoln's wide vision and infinite patience and high fortitude were caught, perhaps, from the spreading prairies and enduring hills of the west. We may not say it is the fashion of the gods to rear their great ones in the silences of the plains and hills. But there is at least a half-truth in the thought that greatness feeds on isolation, and there is something in the near presence of infinite nature which begets enduring purpose and indomitable ambitions."

While the personal element is strong in this book, it is a record also of the Liberal party since Federation in Canada. It is not a colourless record, but one of frank criticism. This is strongly shown in the chapter on the

* "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party." A Political History. By J. S. Willison. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Company. 8vo, pp. 472–451. Two vols., in case. Price, $6.00.

Church and the Printer, recording the extraordinary Guibord episode; in those on The Church and the State; The Priest and Politics, The School Question, and others. The broadening relations of Canada to the Empire are well illustrated in the chapters on the Preferential Tariff, and on Imperialism and Racialism, with all of which Sir Wilfrid may say, "Magna pars fui."

Mr. Willison sums up in a sentence the characteristics of his hero as follows: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier's public career is remarkable for consistent and unchanging devotion to three great objects: the assertion and maintenance of the principle of federalism, ardent and unflinching championship of civil and religious freedom, patient and courageous resistance to the denationalizing tendencies of racialism, sectarianism, and provincialism."

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier," he says elsewhere, "has always been great enough to know that in order to be a good Catholic, it is not necessary to flout and insult Protestantism, and that in order to be a loyal and self-respecting British subject, it is not necessary to throw gibes and sneers at other countries."

There are many admirable studies of other Canadian leaders. Of Edward Blake Mr. Willison remarks: "It is doubtful if this continent has bred a more opulent mind than that of Edward Blake. He ranks with Webster and Hamilton and Beecher. . . . On almost every great question of public policy he saw beyond his time, and the future holds for him a still ampler vindication. In his gospel of generous dealing with French and Catholic he was a patriot and a prophet. In his Spartan integrity he gave us a noble example of the best type of British statesmanship."

Of Sir John A. Macdonald, he writes: "In his later years he became very strongly entrenched in the hearts of his countrymen. Sir John A. Macdonald must ever stand as one of the most consummate party leaders in British history, and one of the most picturesque and impressive figures among the statesmen of the Empire."

The book is handsomely printed and well indexed. It contains several examples of Sir Wilfrid's chaste and elegant oratory in both French and English.

ASHES AND CINDER.

BY BLANCHE NEVIN.

Ho! Rich men at your festal board,
What pleasure take ye in your hoard?
Earth's rarest gifts it will not buy,
And that ye know as well as I.

Eternal truth will still prevail,
Tho' nations rise and races fail,
From Dresden plate or Sèvres cup
Inexorable law ye sup.

And tho' your keys be strong and stout,
They cannot lock earth's mockery out.
Whatever costly wine ye sip
Is blent with ashes on your lip.

Ye cannot buy the gifts most rare,
Health, beauty, or relief from care;
Leisure, good heart, ye cannot buy,
And that ye know as well as I.

Go, build ye high, if you would keep
Your memory lasting when you sleep,
Such tombs as the Scaligeri did,
Or pyramids where Pharaohs hid.

Well,—Pharaoh, dragged from rifled halls,
Now decks th' Egyptian museum walls,
His gold and power could purchase not
Exemption from the common lot.

Say, tell me, do you really prize
The envy of the vulgar eyes?
When the heart hungers for the true,
Does mob laudation comfort you?

Can the best dress you walk within
Improve the texture of your skin?
Or triumph's crowning laurel wreath
Alter the skull it binds beneath?

Owners of gold, not lacking wit,
Ye know the impotence of it.
Your dearest wish ye cannot buy,
And that ye know—better than I.

—*Independent.*

THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION AT JERUSALEM, 1904.

THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK, UPPER EGYPT.

It is significant of the growth of Sunday-school interests that the World's Sunday-school Convention of 1904 will be held in the land made sacred evermore by the life of our Lord, and in the city of Jerusalem, which is associated with so much thrilling Bible history. The convention will be held during the Easter week next year, and already very widespread interest is shown in the enterprise. The province of Ontario is entitled to send twenty delegates, who must be Sabbath-school workers, and be appointed by the Executive Committee of the Sabbath-school Association of Ontario.

The ship already engaged, the "Grosser Kurfurst," is to leave New York on March 8th, 1904, and return there May 18th, a cruise of seventy-one days. The programme includes daily addresses, lectures, and Bible studies on shipboard throughout the cruise, addresses by famous Oriental scholars at many points, also the addresses by representatives from all parts of the world in the convention.

Two immense tents will be provided for the convention. They will be pitched so as to be thrown together as near Mount Calvary as possible, outside the city of Jerusalem, near the Damascus Gate, and chairs or settees will be provided for 1,200 persons. Arrangements will also be made so that meetings or sessions of the convention may be conveniently held at Mars' Hill, Sea of Galilee, Hills of Bethlehem, Abraham's Oak, Olivet, Bethany, Calvary, and the Garden of Gethsemane.

The itinerary includes stops at Madeira, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, with a visit to Robert College; Smyrna, and a side trip to Ephesus; Beirut, with side trip to Damascus, and overland to Jerusalem, or by steamer from Beirut to Jaffa, with full week in Jerusalem; also a visit to Alexandria and Cairo, with side trip to Upper Egypt; Naples and Rome.

The price of the entire trip,—seventy-one days—first-class accommodations throughout, is from $300 to $750. There are two hundred berths, ranging from $300 to

TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES, NEAR CAIRO.

$375 each. This covers everything included in the main itinerary from New York back to New York, except the steward's fees, laundry, and personal expenses. It, of course, is not intended to cover side trips, which, being optional, may be taken at from $3 to $90 as desired.

We strongly advise taking as many of these side trips as possible, because they include some of the very best features of the tour, and when one has come so far it would be a great pity not to take advantage of them. The most important of these is the overland route to Damascus and Baalbec, over Mount Hermon, through Galilee and Samaria, to Jerusalem. This costs $95 extra, but in no other way can one fully realize the beauty and glory of the Lord's land.

Another side trip that should on no account be omitted is that to Jericho, the Jordan and Hebron, the extra cost being only $11. The best features of Egypt, the most interesting ruins, those of Luxor, Karnak, Thebes, and Philæ at the first cataract, where the great new dam is constructed, are all above Cairo and should on no account be omitted if they can possibly be taken. The cost of this side trip by rail is $75, and is well worth the money.

We strongly recommend also the side trip provided through Italy and Switzerland to London and New York, occupying thirteen days longer, and costing $160 more. We think we can claim to speak with some comprehension of the facts, as we have traversed the whole of this route, much of it several times.

HOW TO APPLY.

First of all secure your accommodations on the steamer by sending $25, with your name and address, to the Treasurer of the American Central Committee, Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. In case you are not confirmed as a delegate, Mr. Hartshorn will return to you the $25 forwarded.

The accompanying pictures show many interesting places and characters to be seen in this tour. The first presents the ruins of what Dean Stanley has called "the most majestic temple ever erected for the worship of the Supreme Being," the famous temple of Karnak. It is four hundred feet wide by twelve hundred feet long. The majestic columns, of which the very ruins are stupendous, are thirteen feet in diameter and sixty-two feet high. The lofty obelisk is that of Queen Hatasu, said to be that daughter of Pharaoh who drew Moses out of the water. It is a hundred and eight feet high, of a single stone. A twin obelisk of similar size lies prostrate on the ground in fragments. An inscription declares that they were hewn from the quarry at Assuan, two hundred miles distant, and erected on this spot within six months.

From the top of this great temple, where we are certain Moses must have stood, for it was the great university of Egypt in his day, we watched the sun set over the Nile, turning the river again into blood. As the swiftly coming darkness filled the Hall of Columns with its shadows we descended and mounted our camel and

COPTIC VILLAGE BY THE NILE.

TYPICAL NUBIAN, UPPER EGYPT.

rode off in the twilight to the neighbouring town of Luxor.

One small cut shows the tombs of the Mamelukes, near Cairo. The very names of the mighty men whose ashes they cover are unknown. Amid the surrounding desolation in the warm glow of the setting sun, as we saw them, they are wonderfully impressive. Then, as the sun dipped beyond the horizon the muezzin came out upon the minaret and uttered his musical call to prayer, which five times every day for over a thousand years has come from thousands of minarets from Morocco to Delhi.

The most striking features of Egypt are the ever present, tall, and stately palms, with their feathery foliage and corrugated trunk. They cast but little shade, but as a feature in the landscape are wonderfully impressive.

We strongly recommend the side trip of this excursion as far as the first cataract, where the gigantic dam, to hold back the waters of the Nile and fertilize Lower Egypt, has been erected by the British. The ancient saying, that Egypt is the gift of the Nile, will be still more true when its life-giving waters are held back for distribution throughout the rainless year, for in Lower Egypt it almost never rains.

At Assuan we enter the Torrid Zone, and at the summer solstice the sun is vertically overhead. Herodotus speaks of a well here into which the sun's rays penetrate at noon. This is on the borders of Nubia, and the native Nubians, whose characteristic type of face is well shown in our cut, swarm in its crowded bazaars. Yet with the rhinoceros-hide shields and savage weapons of the Soudan and relics of ancient Egypt are blended the electric lights and is heard the scream of the iron horse. The most gorgeous shoe-blacking stand we ever saw was here, and a score of natives assisted by their presence while the present writer had his understanding brightened by a Nubian boy.

The most interesting feature of the tour will be the visit to the Lord's Land, the sacred city of Jerusalem and the hallowed scenes of Samaria and Galilee. The sad-eyed Jew in our illustration is a type of thousands one will see in Jerusalem—pilgrims from many lands come to kiss the sacred stones at the Jewish place of wailing and to read the Lamentations of Jeremiah on the scenes of the sacred city's desolation. There is something infinitely pathetic in these "sons of the weary foot" who are waiting, after all these Christian centuries, for the Messiah, while rejecting Him who gave such full proof of His Messiahship.

There is no place in Palestine where one realizes so fully that he walks in the very footprints of the Saviour as at the well of Samaria, by which He sat and spoke of the "Water of Life" to the sinning woman of the city of Sychar. A curious thing happened here to the Rev. Mr. Bond, the editor of the Guardian. While visiting this well he said: "I hope I shall not let my wife's Bible (which he carried) fall into it, as Dr. Bonar let his fall."

TYPICAL JEW, JERUSALEM.

JACOB'S WELL, NEAR NABLOUS.

But before he left, by accident, into the well it fell. The well was seventy or eighty feet deep, and he had nothing wherewith to draw, so it was left there. Mentioning the fact at the dinner-table at Damascus shortly after, the wife of a missionary who lived at Nazareth said she would try and get it. She did so and sent it to him. The well was dry when the Bible fell, but the book was stained around the edges when he received it, and thereby hangs a tale. A band of Russian pilgrims came along and wished some water from the sacred well. The Arab sheik, in anticipation, poured enough water down to supply their need, and so the book became stained. We think Mr. Bond's Bible is perfectly unique. There is not one like it in the world.

No place in our Lord's ministry is fraught with such hallowed memories as the little Sea of Galilee, a very tiny sea, indeed, only nine miles long and five miles wide, yet haunted for ever with the memories of Him whose own city of Capernaum was on its shores, whose disciples were called from fishing in its waters, and whose tossing waves became adamant to His sacred feet. We shall never forget the day we spent on this spot, hallowed with such tender memories, nor the "little ship" like that shown in the cut, which was doubtless very similar to that in which our Lord preached to the multitude.

"O Saviour, gone to God's right hand,
But the same Saviour still;
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."

FISHING-BOAT ON SEA OF GALILEE.

THROUGH THE NIGHT WATCHES.

BY ELLEN JOSEPHINE ROSEBRUGH.

Protector of the faint and frail,
And Guardian of the lone in heart,
When earthly loves and friendships fail,
And when with treasured hopes we part,

Draw near; for through our tear-dimmed eyes
We cannot see Thee as Thou art,
Thou tender Christ,—Thou good, Thou wise,
O reassure the doubting heart!

O Father! I am weak, and spent
With wrestling and with watching long!
Oh, would one ray of cheer were sent
To ease this grief ere morning song!

And o'er this wound, that none may know
Save Thou alone to whom I pray,
The mantle of Thy pity throw,
And bring fresh courage with the day?

Toronto.

Did morn e'er break so cold, so gray!—
How can I rise to meet its needs,
Knowing full well that all the way
Now over crags and torrents leads?

For this new path of pain untold,
Beset with briers and thorns that fret,
Give greater patience than of old—
Love me the more! Help me forget!

Nay, give me strength to cast the whole
Of this black burden at Thy feet;
And turn the bitter of my soul
Into a psalm both strong and sweet.

O Father of the faint and frail,
And Guardian of the lone in heart,
Be near when earthly friendships fail,
And when with treasured hopes we part.

"THE GREATNESS AND THE LITTLENESS OF MAN."*

A thought that has (to use an expression of a now discredited diplomatist) staggered humanity frequently, is: the utter insignificance of man and the world, in size, when compared to the mighty hosts of stars, that people the immensities of the universe, millions upon millions in number, the most of them apparently of greater mass than our sun; and the vastness of the spaces that separate them from each other and from us, light dashing outward from some of them taking two hundred years to reach us at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Who has contemplated the problem and not been to some extent appalled by the utter littleness of man and all his works, his hopes and fears, his tiny ambitions as they rise and fall on the world-stage, which as but a mote flutters in the sunbeam? This is poetry, however; but if one is liable to be overcome by the force of such pessimistic reveries, it is because he deserts for the moment the real, and takes refuge in comparisons. We become impressed with the idea that bigness must necessarily be the mark of value, and littleness of girth the badge of plebeian parts.

If we could find beings with heads the size of the moon (now you might say) and bodies in size like celestial Perseus or Orion, then these corporeal dimensions would surely seem to indicate importance sufficient to command respect. Though man is comparatively so small, yet has he been able to so master the forces of nature as to compel them to do his bidding, to a great and ever increasing extent. He has supplied himself with optical power for searching out his celestial neighbours, and means for inquiring into their affairs, which, if possessed in a natural way by a being built on the same plan as man now is, would require a corporeal frame in dimensional proportions something like that just suggested. The limits of this growing, who can tell? The limit of optical power has been named again and again only to be pushed further on.

The aperture of the average human eye is one-fifth of an inch, with a focus of about one inch. The aperture of the new Paris telescope will be five feet, with equivalent focus (including eye-piece) of 50,000 inches. This optical power, if regarded as an eye in a being built on the same plan as man, and in like proportions, would require his head to be about six miles broad to contain it, and a body totalling sixty miles in height and weighing over a million million tons, whose bulk if converted into anthracite coal at $10 per ton would represent a being worth in round numbers about ten times that many million dollars. If a Parthian arrow were to pierce the heel of such a being, it would be upwards of an hour before he could be aware of the fact—that time would be required for the sensation to travel along the nerves to the brain.

So much for bigness. But if we compare man's bulk to that of the infusorial microbe, the molecule, or the ultimate atom, his body is then excessively coarse, and he becomes a monster so gross in proportions as to be utterly beyond the comprehension of the animalcular mind. We take the microscope, however, and this manipulation of optical power enables us to reduce our focal vision to the extent that we can with artificial eyes peer into the kingdom of the minute, associate with, and appreciate, the manners and customs of the microbe, see as he sees, dissect him and approach the very essence of material structure. Man can therefore now, at will, by the application of scientific art and skill with optical aid, rise until his head literally towers among the stars, or shrink upon himself almost to a mathematical point, where he may associate with life in a water-drop and play with the bricks with which the great Artificer has formed the universe.

Thus it would appear when anything like a cosmopolitan view of astronomical and physical knowledge is entertained, man's place in the cosmos is not so entirely insignificant as a casual glance or a one-sided "comparative" view might at first seem to indicate. A certain poet, appearing in public, overhearing an unfavourable comment as to his want of height and girth, is said to have turned and remarked:

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* An extract from a paper on "Kelvin's Theory of the Ether applied to the Stellar Universe," read before the Toronto Astronomical Society by its secretary, Mr. J. R. Collings.

" Could I in stature reach the Pole
And grasp creation in a span,
I'd still be measured by the soul—
The mind's the measure of the man."

This view is advanced rather as a crumb of comfort to those worrying over the insignificance of man, than as an apology for the Artificer of the universe.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Much attention has been drawn to the remarkable utterance of Dr. Alfred R. Wallace on man's place in the universe. He points out the theological objection of sceptical science which asserts " the irrationality and absurdity of supposing that the Creator of all this unimaginable vastness of suns and systems should have any special interest in so pitiful a creature as man, while the idea that he should have selected this little world for the scene of the tremendous, unique and necessary sacrifice of his Son in order to save a portion of those miserable sinners was a crowning absurdity, too irrational to be believed by any rational being." To meet this difficulty Dr. Wallace endeavours to show that our world occupies a place of unique distinction in the universe, that it is situated in the very centre of immensities, that it is probably the only one of all the suns, stars, and systems that has intelligent inhabitants.

While recognizing the eminent scientific ability of Professor Wallace, and appreciating the purpose of his argument, it utterly fails to convince our judgment. Indeed, all the analogies of nature, all the probabilities of reason, seem against it. When this world of ours is so swarming with life ; when the earth, the air, and the sea are teeming with varied forms of animated nature, that walk, or fly, or swim, in exquisite adaptation to their environment ; when every leaf in every forest, when every flower in every field, when every drop of water in every stream or pool is swarming with infusorial life ; when the higher powers of the microscope reveal new worlds of existence, it seems incredible and unthinkable that the countless worlds of space, whose number and vastness and majesty and might confound our imagination, that these are dull and lifeless deserts, the home of desolation and death.

It is much more in accord, we think, with devout and reverent conceptions, that God, " rejoicing in the work of His hands," has peopled these vast realms with conscious intelligences, some of them, it may be, of loftier intellectual and moral powers than ours. The unique and wonderful fact that God so loved this lost world as to give His only begotten Son for its redemption, may well awake our adoring homage and thanksgiving. But is it not in harmony with the truths our Lord Himself hath taught us ? " If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety-and-nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray ?" We prefer to think that our little earth is the only " lost Pleiad of the skies," the only erring member of the sisterhood of the stars.

" Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Peradventure, if there be in any of these myriad worlds spiritual intelligences which, like the fallen angels, kept not their first estate, still may we not conceive that the atonement of our blessed Lord on Calvary should avail also for them, that our earth was the great green altar of the universe on which the sacrifice was offered, not merely for the sins of the whole world, but of all worlds ?

Small service is true service while it lasts :
Of humblest friends, bright creatures, scorn not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
—*William Wordsworth.*

Current Topics and Events.

Mr. Stead's Bad Dream.

One of Mr. Stead's peculiar methods of political criticism is to write a serial story in his Review in which the characters can express the most extraordinary sentiments without fixing responsibility for their utterance, or affording chance for refutation. In the March number of his Review, for instance, he describes a horrible dream which Lord Gordon, one of his fictitious characters, experienced: The Alaska commissioners failed to agree on the Alaska boundary. The American miners in the Klondike raised the Stars and Stripes in revolt. When the Canadian Government sent troops to suppress the insurrection popular passion in the United States rose to fever heat. The Monroe doctrine was invoked, Manitoba and the North-West were declared to be the natural hinterland of the United States, hundreds of thousands of American settlers in Manitoba (we wish there were that many there instead of a few thousand) hauled down the Union Jack and raised the Stars and Stripes at Winnipeg. Soon bread and meat were at famine rate in England, the Lancashire mills were closed, millions were thrown out of work (Mr. Stead is great at round numbers). Within a fortnight of the outbreak of war bread riots began, starvation stared the nation in the face, from the very first privation was felt in millions of homes. The out-of-works in London assailed the West End, fired the warehouses and the docks in the East End, mobbed and murdered merchants accused of holding grain. Lord Kitchener with parked Maxims guarded every approach to Westminster. Drunkenness and murder ran riot. The ruffian red-shirts overpowered Kitchener and his Maxims, rushed Downing Street, slew the Prime Minister, and cabled in the name of the British republic immediate and unconditional surrender to the government at Washington.

Now, we protest against Mr. Stead's writing such rot, even if it be disguised as a dream. He bitterly denounces in another page the crime of raking up Germaniphobia, but is it not a greater crime to discuss even the possibility of war between Canada and the United States? Both countries, we believe, want only justice in the matter, and nothing is further from the thought of either than war about the boundary. Perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would stir up strife and bitterness between these kindred people.

This reckless and irresponsible writer also makes a bitter attack upon the Baptist Missionary Society in the Congo, which has built, he says, "a moral zareba about the new slavery of the blacks in that country. The most horrible massacres and tortures of the Congolese," he adds, "are perpetrated under the protecting shield of these devout missionaries of the Cross." But as he also attributes the Boer war to the ill-treatment by the missionaries of the Kaffirs, we may discount his diatribes concerning the Congo Baptist missionaries.

The colossal egotism of this man of genius is one of the most extraordinary features in his character. He seems to feel that he is the weary Titan on whose shoulders the weight of empire bears. In the February number of his Review he describes a visit made to Mr. J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire, and concludes: "The half-formed hope with which I went to Dudley House, that I might find a man who was able and willing to take the leading part in the active politics of South Africa, must be abandoned once and for all. I must begin anew my quest elsewhere."

At the last general election in England Mr. Stead hastened home from Chicago to take part in the fray. London "Punch" represents him as trying with might and main to hold down the tight little island to keep it from drifting from its moorings. Happily the wisdom of many is greater than the wisdom of one, and we have the feeling that the Empire is safe, even though Mr. Stead's "quest" should be in vain.

The Empire's Future.

A writer in Harper's Weekly has a world-map and diagrams showing that whereas the British Empire to-day is by far the largest in the world, governing one-fourth of the human family, yet in a hundred years Russia will be the largest and Great Britain the

smallest. The United States will have absorbed the whole American continent, and England will be an "insular dependency" of the United States. Canada and Australia will have broken away from the Empire. Russia, he claims, is destined to success by reason of its sympathy toward other races. Strange words for the power that persecutes the Jews, Stundists, Finns, Doukhobors, with mediæval ferocity. Mr. Chamberlain, in his recent speech at Madeira, uttered a different note. He said: "When I was at home, I had thought that the mission of the United Kingdom had perhaps been pretty nearly fulfilled, but now I am convinced that the mission of the British Empire is only just beginning. It is a mission of peace, of civilization, a union of hearts and spirits in these interests. If I have done anything to lay a single brick to that great edifice, which I believe will rear itself into the skies in the future, I am amply repaid."

Minneapolis Journal.]

"It begins to look as if Canada were annexing U.S."

We prefer accepting the outlook of this empire-builder rather than that of the ingenious writer in Harper's Weekly.

There seems to be in the Russian Empire, as in the apostle Paul, and in all of us, two tendencies, one prompting to good and the other to evil. As the Roman moralist expresses it—

Video proboque meliora
Deterioraque sequor.

There are the noble ideals of the young Czar suggesting a World's Peace Conference and Court of Arbitration, popular advances towards constitutional government, and the latest ukase providing for religious liberty, relieving the peasants from the burden of forced labour, granting reform in provincial governments and district administrations. There are also the intense antipathies to popular liberty of the military, official, and ecclesiastical bureaucracies, the force of ancient use and wont, and the prejudice and selfishness of privilege which have ever been opposed to liberty. The result of these is seen in the persecution of the Jews, Stundists, and Doukhobors; in the oppression of the Finns and Poles; and in the tyrannies of Siberia, and the military aggressions in China. But the ukase is a gleam of hope. The Czar may immortalize himself in history by emancipating the minds of his people as Alexander II. immortalized himself by the emancipation of their bodies. Many of the critics are sceptical as to the practical outcome, but we prefer to hope largest issues from this new departure.

Canada's Growing Time.

Even the American cartoonists are awaking to the fact that Canada offers better inducements to the settler than any part of Uncle Sam's dominions. An unprecedented exodus is taking place from Great Britain, and even from home-loving Switzerland and other parts of the Continent, as well as a wholesale trek from the United States. The Dominion Parliament is increasing the representation of the North-West from six to ten members, and, unlike Paul Kruger, is offering every inducement to the outlanders to become naturalized at once and take part in the political life of the country. This is true statesmanship.

The debate on the bribery scandal in the Ontario Legislature has been an unedifying spectacle, one calculated to bring our country into contempt in the eyes of the world. Neither side of the House showed the judicial temper needed in such a crisis. The violent and often bitter partisan spirit was an ill augury for our country. It brings into sharp contrast the ideal condition pictured by Macaulay of the early days of Rome—

> "When none was for the party
> But all were for the state."

The franchise is a sacred trust, yet the referendum vote and the protested election trials show that many voters are eager to traffic their honour for filthy lucre. The penalty of fine and imprisonment should in every case be enforced. The man who sells his vote is unworthy to possess it, and should be disenfranchised for at least ten years, till he knows how to value it.

A Boer prisoner of war at St. Helena states that no less than twenty-five different nationalities were represented among the prisoners, among them Hollanders, Germans, Scandinavians, and French. Mr. Stead speaks of 200,000 Dutch farmers defying the British Empire. It was soldiers of fortune of many lands and many tongues, in many cases the rascaldom of Europe, that Britain had to fight.

SEEN IN ST. LOUIS.

"Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?"
—Ohio State Journal.

The make-haste-to-get-rich schemes of the United States are fleecing their victims in a wholesale way. One scheme at St. Louis offered two to five per cent. per week profit by betting on horse races, and, strange to say, thousands snapped at the bait. "Fools and their money are soon parted," and one concern, closed by the police, took in $47,000 the day before its office was raided. Our cartoon shows the queue eager to thrust their money upon the scoundrel at the wicket.

A better day is dawning for Ireland. The Land Purchase Bill makes friends of Ulster Orangemen and Connaught Catholics. The Irish question is essentially a land question. If the peasants can secure a modest holding, even the proverbial "three acres and a cow," as their own, there will be little anarchy or treason left in Ireland. Landlords and tenants will vie in promoting the prosperity of the country. A pacified Ireland, to use the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "instead of being a thorn in the side of England, will be its best bulwark of defence."

The circulation of newspapers is about as good a criterion of the intelligence and progress of a people as can be conceived. In the *McClure's Magazine*, by means of a chart drawn to scale, this is indicated in a very graphic manner. Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, circulates 11,000,000 copies per month. Russia, with a population of about 120,000,000, has only 12,000,000 copies per month, showing that Colossus of the north to be the most illiterate of all the great nations. Great Britain, with a population of 40,000,000, has a monthly circulation of 150,000,000, which makes her relatively stand at the very head of the whole world, with nearly four papers per week for every man, woman and child. The United States, with a population of about 75,000,000, has only about three papers per head, and Germany a less number per head.

> "It lies around us like a cloud,
> The world we cannot see;
> Yet the sweet closing of an eye
> May bring us there to be."

Religious Intelligence.

St. James' Church Saved.

One of the most striking exhibitions of connexional sympathy ever shown is that which secures the salvation of St. James' Church, Montreal, from the hammer of the auctioneer. The world, we think, has shown nothing like it. It was considered a great achievement when the great debt on the Metropolitan Church, Washington, was paid by the Methodism of the United States; but that debt was not half as great as the debt of St. James', and the Methodism to which it appealed was ten times as great in numbers as Canadian Methodism. Yet it took a much longer time to free that church. The crisis of St. James' came just at the time our Church was raising a million and a quarter dollars for the Thanksgiving Fund.

God helps those that help themselves. Montreal city and Conference did nobly, but the whole Connexion did nobly too, and Toronto especially, when, in the darkest day for St. James', Senator Cox and a few others contributed $75,000 to secure its deliverance. In addition, Mr. Cox paid $275,000 for the Temple Buildings, an advance of $25,000 on the highest price that had ever been offered. The debt still left on St. James' will be sufficiently heavy to tax the energies of its enterprising membership. St. James' for many years was the largest giver to missionary and other objects in the Connexion; it has helped the Connexion in time of its need, and now the Connexion has generously helped it, a splendid demonstration of the unity and solidarity of Methodism throughout the Dominion.

Missionaries in Peril.

Rumours of the gravest character reach us from China. The Boxer revolution is spreading, and but half-hearted attempts are made for its suppression. It is alleged that that modern Jezebel, the Dowager Empress, is fomenting the antagonism to foreigners and seeking their extirpation. It is difficult for a westerner to understand the intense and fanatical hatred of the Chinese for the "foreign devils." Our missionaries at Chentu, we fear, are in serious peril. The British consul at Hankow has advised the missionaries on the Yangtse to take refuge in that city. The Church should be much in prayer for its brave-souled conscripts whom it has sent forth to the high places of the field. The Conference of Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada has urged a week of simultaneous prayer for missions. This appropriately enough comes in Holy Week, which celebrates the great sacrifice by which our world shall be saved, and Christ's triumph over the grave—the presage and the prophecy of the final victory of truth and righteousness over death and hell.

Known by its Fruits.

During the course of a recent address delivered before a gathering of Methodist ministers in Boston, President Eliot, of Harvard University, stated it as his opinion that "The emotional side is developed, perhaps, most largely in the Methodist Church. Is that wholesome for getting labour out of individuals? I find it does me no good to get my emotions stirred up unless I can do something about it all. This Church has made great efforts to get means to apply in young people the force of this emotion, but has it been successful?"

The New York American and Journal makes the following pungent comment:

"President Eliot, of Harvard University, has been lecturing the Methodists for being too emotional.

"Let's see. President Eliot belongs, we believe, to that pre-eminently respectable company of Christians known as Unitarians.

"Unless we have been misinformed the Unitarians and Methodists began business at about the same time—that is to say, about one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

"And here are the results, which speak for themselves:

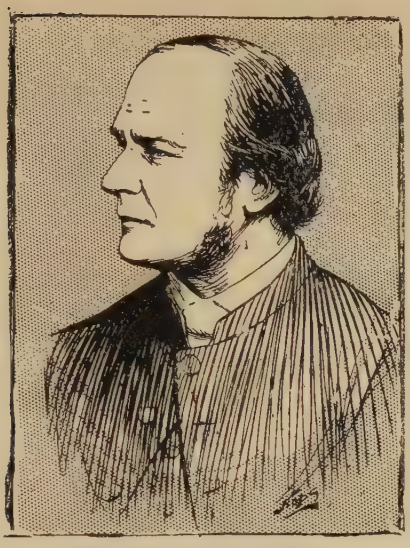
"The Methodists have 56,101 churches, with 38,935 ministers, and 5,966,000 members, and a property worth $202,616,000.

"The Unitarians have 453 churches, with 544 ministers, and 61,000 members, and a property worth $10,800,000.

"The Methodists have had the emotion, the Unitarians have not had it—and the results in the two cases need no comment.

"President Eliot would do well to point out some other Methodist defect."

DEATH OF DEAN FARRAR.



THE LATE DEAN FARRAR.

The death of Dean Farrar will, we think, bring a sense of personal loss to more readers than that of any man of recent times. Through his matchless life of our Lord he has been the companion of countless multitudes in their hours of holiest thought. Of all the lives of Christ, none, we think, equals his in its tenderness, its sympathy, its spiritual insight, its chastened imagination, its splendour of diction. In personal intercourse Dean Farrar impressed one as the very soul of gentleness and courtesy, yet he was a man of strong and deep convictions, convictions which must find expression whether in harmony with general sentiment or against it. In his denunciations of sin and crime, of intemperance, impurity, intolerance and mammon worship, his voice was like that of the Hebrew prophets. From the old historic pulpit of Westminster Abbey he thundered against wrong in high places and in low without fear and without favour. We had the pleasure of meeting Dean Farrar socially at the hospitable table of Professor Goldwin Smith, and felt the winsome spell of his saintly character, his Christian culture, his high scholarship. Thank God that he raises up such men to declare his counsels in the ears of men.

It was with a pained feeling of surprise that we learned of the death of Dr. Walford Green. His visit to Canada last summer as delegate to our General Conference made hosts of friends. He was a typical Englishman, strong and sturdy in body and mind. He was president of the home Conference in 1894. For seventeen years he has been in charge of its connexional funds, in which he has been a faithful custodian and administrator. He was the means of raising $100,000 for the Superannuated Preachers' and Preachers' Widows' Fund. He had himself the rare distinction of being a very wealthy man. His wealth was largely used in the service of the Church of God.

The Rev. Dr. William Burt, of the Methodist mission in Rome, says The Christian Advocate, was received in private audience by Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, March 13th. Afterward he received the decoration of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, as a token of the king's appreciation of his labours, extending over seventeen years. During this period he has founded thirty-three churches, a girls' industrial school with fifty pupils ; a girls' finishing school having two hundred and seventy-five pupils ; a boys' Methodist college, and a theological school under the direction of Dr. N. Walling Clark, in Rome ; and an industrial school for boys in Venice.

The Methodist Conference of Delaware, in which State flagrant bribery and corruption has taken place, gave this strong deliverance :

"We, therefore, admonish all our people that any one guilty of this shameless crime stands discredited before the Church, contemptible in the eyes of his brethren, and condemned in the sight of God."

We hope that similar strong public sentiment will prevail in Canada. Public opinion evidently needs toning up.

The English Methodist New Connexion Church had last year an increase of about 1,200 members at home, but the decrease in China was large enough to reduce the net increase to 1,081. Through the Boxer troubles 288 candidates had been lost to the Church.

We are glad to note the progress of Methodist union in Great Britain. It seems to follow the methods of Methodist union in Canada, first a partial, then a complete union.

Book Notices.

"Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century." By H. V. Hilprecht. With nearly Two Hundred Illustrations and Four Maps. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. xxiv-810. Price, $3.00 net.

It is often said that the spade is the best commentator on the Scriptures, and the best interpreter of the dead and buried past. The discoveries of archaeology, as the Tel-el-Marna Tablets, the Hammurabi Records, the Egyptian Hieroglyphs, are often the best refutation of the destructive so-called higher criticism. They show that a rich and copious literature existed before the days of Moses, when the critics have been insisting that writing was unknown. They show that Abraham and the kings of the plain are not a myth, their names exist in historic records. It is, therefore, of great value to have the nineteenth century's discoveries in Bible lands brought within the compass of a single volume, and lucidly presented by masters in the various fields. This is done in this handsome and well-illustrated book.

Professor Hilprecht is one of the most accomplished Assyriologists living. He has conducted the recent surveys of the Pennsylvania University, and the Brothers Clark, of Philadelphia, have given $100,000 to endow a chair of Assyriology for this distinguished scholar. He has given in this fascinating volume a record of the resurrection of Assyria and Babylonia, including his own work and that of previous explorers. One of the earliest and most successful of these explorers, it is gratifying to know, was a Canadian—Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Francis Rawdon Chesney. He sailed the first two steamers up the Euphrates in 1836. They were transferred overland in sections, by over a thousand camels and mules, from Antioch to the great river.

"When iron should swim up the river," said an Arab legend, "the fall of Islam would begin." One of his steamers was wrecked near where the Emperor Julian, nearly fifteen hundred years before, met defeat. The whole story of the labours of Layard, Rawlinson, Ker Porter, and many others, find thrilling record in this book. Among the most marvellous of these are Dr. Hilprecht's own discoveries of the library of Hammurabi, begun in 1889, and completed eleven years later. Many thousands of clay tablets were found, including the remarkable Book of Laws, which, while having some resemblance to Leviticus, is yet inferior in monotheistic moral significance. The author makes touching reference to the collaboration of his devoted and accomplished wife, to whom many of the most important portions of this work are due. She died on March 1st, 1902, and the day before her death, when her husband asked her consent to place her name with his upon the title page, she said, "Was not your God my God, your country my country, your labour my labour, your sorrow my sorrow, your name my name? Let it remain so, even at my coffin and tomb."

Professor Hilprecht calls special attention to the marvellous manner in which even the details of prophecy are fulfilled in the history of Nineveh and Babylon. They are indeed "empty, void, and waste—as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah."

It is hard to comprehend the difficulties of exploration in these lands whose ancient civilization has been covered by many strata of barbarism, and where the wild Bedouin of the desert still enact the role of their father Ishmael—their hand against every man. The Arabs who were employed to make the excavations were as wilful and wanton as children. It was very hard to get them to work, and still harder to keep them at it. One explorer provided a number of wheelbarrows, but the Arabs lacked intelligence enough to use them, and preferred their rude baskets. Dr. Peters used to beguile them by the use of harmless medicine, or terrify them by fireworks, or cajole them with gifts of Western trinkets. A Waterbury watch was specially effective on account of the endless time it required to wind.

During the excavations of Nuffar, the explorers' camp was fired, their lives menaced, their plans frustrated, and some of them died of fever. By means of the many admirable illustrations, we can be present, as it were, at these explorations, and study their striking results. One photo shows a Babylonian arch, built nearly

six thousand years ago, others show remarkable skill in architectural detail. Of special interest is the chapter on discoveries in Palestine, especially those at Jerusalem. The researches and discoveries in Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia are fully treated, and an illuminative chapter upon the Hittites, with their inscriptions, is contributed.

"In Argolis." By George Horton. Author of "The Tempting of Father Anthony," etc. With introductory note by Dr. Eben Alexander, late United States Minister to Greece. Illustrated from original photographs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-226.

Mr. Horton, having been for some years United States Consul in Athens, knows modern Greece as few men know it. He is, moreover, saturated with the literature and classic associations of ancient Greece. His many books on that storied land give evidence of this wide knowledge. His "Modern Athens" is a graphic picture of life in the capital. This book is a sympathetic study of village life and social conditions and of the island town of Poros. Dr. Alexander, late United States Minister to Greece, states that no nation has ever made such marvellous progress under so many disadvantages as modern Greece. It is only seventy years since she freed herself from four hundred years of the awful slavery of the Turks, in comparison with which slavery in the United States was freedom itself.

Madame de Stael says that "the Catholic is the pagan's heir." It is as true of the Greek Church. Many of the old superstitions still survive. "The old gods," says Mr. Horton, "are still stalking about on the sacred soil of Hellas in the white light of Christianity, clothed in the garbs of the Christian saints. They retain their old attitude; they have been re-christened, but not converted. . . . The common people know Christ chiefly as the Virgin's Son, an infant in arms. The Virgin is the all-powerful goddess, the worker of miracles, the answerer of prayer. As Athena was the tutelary goddess of ancient Athens, so Mary is the deity *par excellence* of modern Greece, uniting in her person all the attributes of the various heathen goddesses."

Of these superstitions he gives many examples. The peasant people actually believe that the ancient Nereids, and deities of wood and wave, still survive, and their folk lore and folk songs, as quoted by Mr. Horton, are full of such traditions. He pays a generous tribute to the domestic and social virtues of the people, their kindness and mutual helpfulness. Fatherhood and motherhood are honoured. The ordinary Greek word for baby is "a joy." If it dies, men who have never seen it weep in sympathy.

The peasants live ever in fear of "the evil eye," a spell which may be unwittingly cast by even an admiring glance at a child. There are scores of saints' days in the year, most of which are also fast days. The majority of the country people eat meat but once a year—on the Easter festival. This sacred feast "resembles a Fourth of July in its festivities and fire crackers. There are volleys enough fired at the scarecrow effigy of Judas Iscariot to kill all the Turks in Constantinople." Mr. Horton exhibits much poetic skill in translating into English verse many of the folk songs, which have a strange and fascinating charm. The delicate sepia half-tones are very beautiful.

"Lady Rose's Daughter." By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: Poole-Stewart, Ltd. Pp. 491. Price, $1.50.

This book has had the distinction, we are told, of bringing the author the honorarium of $150,000. Any book by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is sure to exhibit marked literary merit, delicate character study, fine phrasing, and vivid social portraiture. Her pictures of Lakes Como and Leman are of photographic fidelity. Her last work, however, does not, in our judgment, reach the high-water-mark of her previous book, "Eleanor." The heroine is very unheroic. She can, as she herself admits, lie, deceive, intrigue. She can defy the conventions of society, and yet be capable of great self-sacrifice, twice refuses a duke, and when he finally wins her, wishes him to resign the dukedom. Lord Packington, her grandfather, lives and dies like a British pagan. Julie Le Breton is the humble dependent of Lady Henry Delafield, a spiteful old cat, who tyrannizes brutally over her accomplished slave. Julie avenges herself by becoming the star of her salon, and one fatal evening, when her titled mistress is ill, holds

a court of her own of miladi's guests. In the height of their hilarity, the angry dame appears, and turns out of the house the titled guests, a minister of the crown, a foreign ambassador, and a group of distinguished dukes and duchesses and literati, and their accomplished hostess as well. It is a very striking tableau. We are not familiar enough with society manners to know how probable this is, but it seems to us more like an escapade in the servants' hall, a sort of "high life below stairs," than a picture of London society; but Mrs. Humphrey Ward ought to know. The moral vivisection of the characters is very skilful. One can see their nerves writhe and quiver, under her skilful but pitiless scalpel, but we prefer the robust optimism of Browning to the morbid pessimism, as we deem it, of this clever book.

"Venice." By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifth edition. London: George Allen. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 268. Price, 3s.

No city in Europe exerts such a fascination over mind and heart as the Queen of the Adriatic. "Other cities," says a French writer, "we admire, but Venice we love." It has a nameless spell of which we never grow tired. Its extraordinary situation, rising like Venus from the sea, its romantic history, its noble architecture, its tragic and pathetic memories, invest it with an undying charm. Byron has well embodied this in his matchless verse.

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the wing'd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

But no one has invested this city of the sea with such a spell as Ruskin, whose studies of its art and architecture and history have become classic for ever. Mr. Hare begins with the matchless Church of Saint Mark, like the king's daughter, all glorious within, as well as without, and then proceeds to the ducal palace with its memories of guilt and power. He then follows the Grand Canal with its marble palaces and glorious vistas, visits the many churches and monuments, studies its suburbs, and recalls their traditions and legends. His book is enriched with citations from many writers, by a coloured map and numerous engravings.

"A Quiver of Arrows." Sermons of David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., Selected and Epitomized by Thomas Douglas, Ph.D. Cloth. Pp. 380. Price, $1.20 net; by mail, $1.34. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

A whole library of sermons compacted into one volume. Seventy pulpit discourses delivered during the last few years by the pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, of New York City, have been reduced by a discriminating editor, each to the compass of a ten or fifteen minutes' address. The terse, direct style of the original discourses has been heightened, yet not to the point of obscurity or inelegance, by judicious elimination of all save essential words and phrases. In short, we have in the present book the principle of the "digest" applied to sermonic discourse. The work is thus rendered of the highest value to those who are in search of homiletic models, and yet desire to be left free to construct their sermons in their own rhetorical style and with original application of principles. If the example of this digest should be followed, book-shelves would groan less under many-volumed and dust-laden collections of discourses, while the desk and centre-table would be occupied by handy works of use and inspiration in the religious life.

Value as a work of reference is given to the book by a topical index wherein every subject treated is entered under the threefold division of theme, proposition, and illustration.

"The Rivieras." By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: George Allen. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-210. Price, 3s.

No more romantic ride is there in the world than that around the storied shores of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Spezzia. Cannes, Nice, Mentone, St. Remo, Genoa, and many another haunt of ancient memories and modern health resort are strung like pearls upon a necklace. Mr. Hare describes them all with graphic skill, giving just the information the tourist needs, and illustrates them with sixty-seven wood-cuts in the text. These books are all neatly bound and well indexed.

EPWORTH.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, D.D.

MOTHERLAND across the sea,
Home of bards and sages,
Crowned amid the ages,
Shrines unnumbered are in thee
Where the pilgrim reverently
Stands like one upon a shore,
Looking far the billows o'er,
Waiting till the echoes float
From the wastes that lie remote;
So we lean, with ear attent,
For some winged message sent.

In the distance here we stand;—
'Tis a deep devotion,
Mother isle of ocean,
Speaks a blessing on thy land,
For thy heroes, strong of hand,
Brave of heart, the ages through;
'Tis a shining retinue
Thou hast given for the lead
Of a world in restless speed;
Seas are wide, but chains of gold
Bind us each, the new and old.

Where the Trent with easy flow
Seeks the Humber, gliding,
Winding oft, and hiding,
Through the "levels" rich and low,
There a manor long ago
Rose beyond, on heights of green,
Looking down the river sheen;
That is Epworth, parish old,
Of a date that is not told;
Hence the echo o'er the sea,
Worthy theme of minstrelsy.

Parsonage of Epworth, where
Came there brighter angel,
With a glad evangel?
Never on the burdened air
Was a sweeter breath of prayer,
Than the words by priest intoned,
When the mother, love-enthroned,
Gave the new-born one caress,
With God's seal of blessedness;
Write that mother's queenly soul,
England, on the royal scroll!

Thatched the cottage where he dwelt,
Shepherd and protector,
Epworth's saintly rector;
Dim the chancel where he knelt,
'Neath the mossy tower that felt
Shock of storm, and sunlight kiss,
Pointing from the world that is
To the higher towers of gold,
In the glory manifold;
Bless St. Andrew's with its chime,
Relic of the olden time!

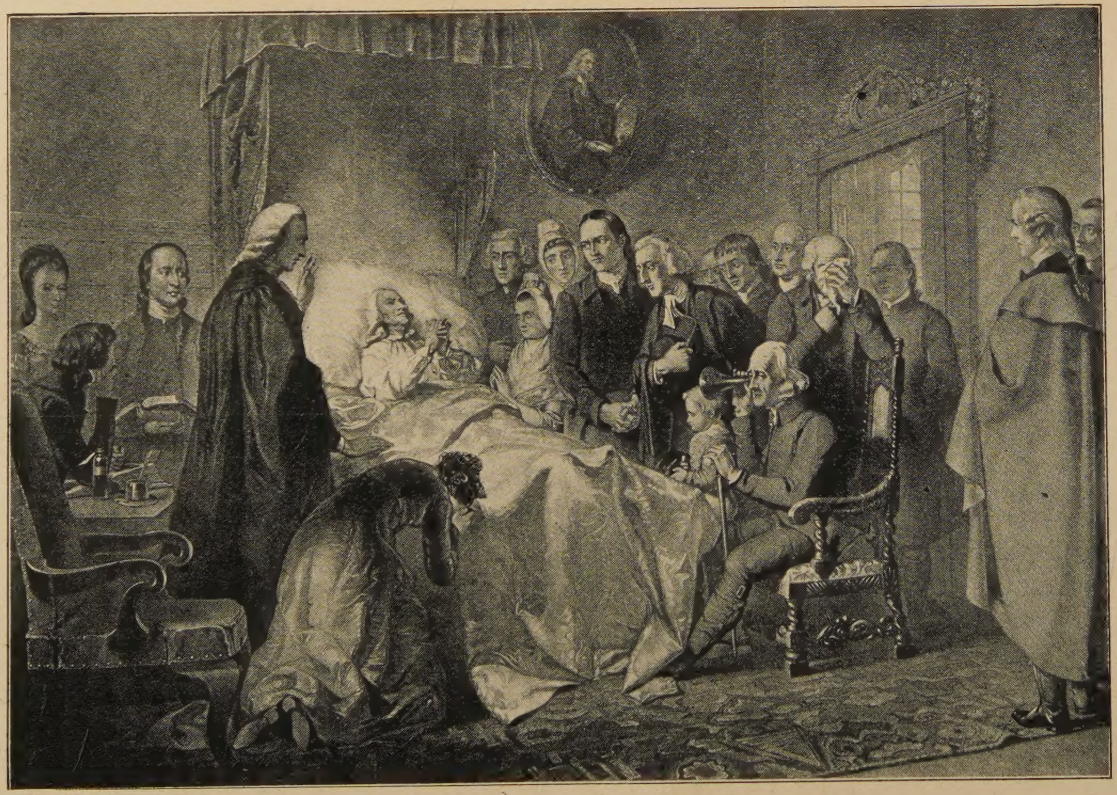
From the parish of the priest,
Humble in its story,
Spread a wave of glory;
Like the day-star in the East
To the daylight broad increased;
Till a morning song is heard
Like a carol of a bird;
Song of prisoned souls unbound
Rising all the wide world round;
Palaces have heard the strain,
And the lowly keep refrain.

Epworth born, and Oxford bred,
Student, fellow, master,
Thence a world-wide pastor;
Where the rubric had not led,
There his parish field was spread;
Mid the Newgate felons bold,
On the Moorfields, temple old,
Where the Kingswood colliers met,
While he spread the gospel net;
Wider than a bishop's see,
His a priesthood by degree.

Westward rolled the glory wave
With the wave of freedom;
As from ancient Edom
Came the mighty one to save,
So the stalwart and the brave
Entered through the forest doors,
Trod the great cathedral floors,
With their arches old and dim,
Where, as from the cherubim,
Fell the beauty and the gold
With a rapture never told.

Onward is the sacred march
Through revolted regions,
Filled with hostile legions;
Wild sirocco storms but parch
All the way to victory's arch;
"God is with us," best of all;
He will smite the bastion wall;
We shall write upon the bells
Of the horses as he tells,
"Holiness" for his renown,
His the glory and the crown.

'Tis a birth-song we have sung;
Whispered as we listened,
When a babe was christened;
When the parish bells were rung,
And two souls together clung,
Child and mother. Onward, time!
'Tis a battlefield sublime;
Turn the kingdoms; islands wait;
Chimes the jubilee elate!—
Parish of the world! behold!
Christ is crowned with stars of gold.



DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.

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